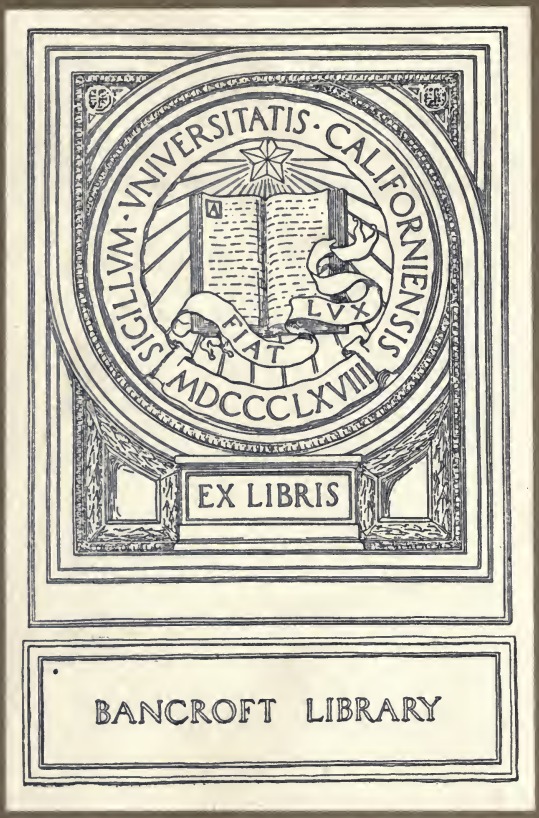

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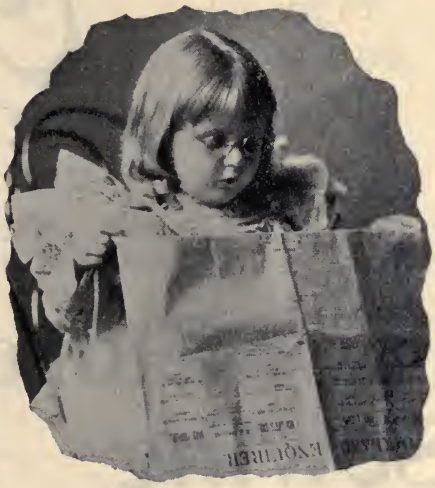
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EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

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EDWARD ROWLAND SILL,

By

MILICENT WASHBURN SHINN.

Edward Rowland Sill was born April 29, 1841, in Windsor, one of the oldest towns in Connecticut. He was descended on the father's side from a long line of New England physicians, while on his mother's side the clergy were strongly represented. The direct maternal line led back, at a remove of five or six generations, to the elder Edwards; and in spite of this considerable remove in descent, Prof. Sill, I think, felt in himself a somewhat special affinity to this maternal line of ancestors; and his friends often spoke of the marked inheritance in him of "the Edwards charm," —that singular and indefinable fascination, and power of commanding friendship, which seems to appear from time to time in members of this stock, and has become historic in the case of Aaron Burr. To the union, also, of the poetic, metaphysical, and even mystic tendencies of the maternal line, and the physician's bent of the paternal, Professor Sill doubtless owed the remarkable blending of the poetic and scientific natures, which struck everyone who knew him well very forcibly. It might almost be said that teaching and literature became his profession as a diagonal of forces between these two very strong bents; and he was all his life more or less tossed to and fro between a temperament that demanded zealous beliefs and a mind that criticized them.

He was the younger of two brothers, but when he was still a child the older brother was drowned in swimming or skating, and the little boy became the idolized only child of

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a home which was early broken up by the death of both parents. Although he found an affectionate home with kindred, the loss of his parents, especially of his mother, cast a shadow which he felt to the end of his life. He was eleven years old at the time of his orphanhood.

He was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Exeter, —one of the three or four most famous classical schools of New England. I always heard him speak with high esteem of this school, yet it did not, so far as I know, impress him deeply in character nor leave any lasting friendships. This may have been because most Exeter men prepared for Harvard, while he was destined to Yale; or because he was a day scholar only, living with kinsfolk in the town. He was a quiet and sensitive boy, but rather reserved and fastidious than shy.

He entered Yale in 1857, and here made a number of warm and confidential friendships, which lasted to the end of his life, and will preserve an abiding memory of him as long as any of his group of college friends live. It is most touching and striking to see, in visiting New Haven, how strong an interest in him—in his life and his work—still dwells about Yale, where he was simply one of many undergraduates, thirty-five years ago. The Yale spirit of the fifties—a somewhat different thing from the Yale spirt of today, but doubtless its parent—took a strong hold on him, and he was always a loyal Yale man, even though the ordinary college partisanship was not congenial to him. He was always a very strong believer, too, in the potency of the college education, especially of the full classical curriculum; he had little patience with utilitarian schemes of education, and was at all times a defender of the ideal motive in the training of the young. The old New England college education came, he believed, very near to the correct type, though he was glad to welcome the enlargement and enrichment of it by the introduction of modern science and a fuller English curriculum. Nevertheless, he always protested against the *substitution* of English studies for the classics, and believed that the classical languages and literatures were the almost indispensable preparation for solid attainments in our own. His views on these subjects were somewhat ardently expressed in his poem, "Man, the Spirit," read at one of the early California Alumni gatherings; and in various essays of later years.

Leaving college with somewhat impaired health, and much perplexed with the question of a suitable profession, Mr. Sill was easily induced to accompany his especial friend and comrade, Mr. Sextus Shearer, to California, taking the long voyage around the Horn. The fruit of the four years spent in California in his early twenties was some close friendships, which eventually drew him back (together with

a love for the State itself then implanted); the long poem, "The Hermitage"; and a number of futile attempts to find his proper work. The years were in part spent in temporary clerkships, as a mere matter of livelihood; but he also made a study of medicine, with Dr. Harkness, now of San Francisco, and tried the study of law, also,—to what extent I do not know—rather with a view to the mental discipline than with any expectation of practicing. His mind hovered very persistently about the ministry, from which he was deterred by inability heartily to assent to the accepted creeds.

In 1866 Mr. Sill returned to the East, and married his cousin, Miss Elizabeth Sill, of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. He then entered the Harvard Divinity School, as a sort of last test of the possibility of the ministry. He enjoyed his studies here greatly, but after a year gave up definitely the idea of preaching—not so much, I gather, because of irreconcilable theological opinions, as because he perceived the impossibility of binding himself to hold always *any* given set of opinions, and especially to make his livelihood dependent on continued agreement with any church. Teaching, he writes to a friend, has always been the first alternative in his mind, if preaching proves impossible; and California was the place in which he preferred to teach. He spent a few months in New York, however, and there made a brief essay at newspaper editing (which he found heartily uncongenial), and did some translating for a publishing house. In 1868, in Ohio, he began, with the utmost zeal and devotion, the life work of a teacher, which he afterward regarded as a more useful and sacred calling than any preacher's. Although the public insists upon regarding him chiefly as a poet, Mr. Sill himself never after this period in his life regarded poetry, or literature in general, as anything but a diversion, and insisted upon teaching as his calling. Even when he became a college professor of Literature, he did not regard literature, but teaching, his work. His qualification for this work amounted to genius; no teacher ever took hold upon his pupils more deeply, or infused more actual inspiration into the details of a school course. To have seen him teach was to have new ideas of the possibilities of the calling.

In 1871 Mr. Sill was called to California as the second teacher in the Oakland High School, then two years old. In this school, for three years, he did perhaps the most satisfactory teaching of his life. He attached enormous importance to the period of adolescence, and believed that at the high school stage the bent of a young person's character was determined.

In 1874, President Gilman induced Mr. Sill to accept the vacant chair of English in the University of California. His influence here also was remarkable, and the department of

English was greatly advanced in his hands. But the eight years spent in the chair were very hard ones to him. He had always worked beyond his strength in teaching, and this was even more the case in the University than in secondary work. The troublous times that the University experienced after the resignation of President Gilman, with attacks from press and politicians, financial straits, and successive changes in the presidency, made a life of much anxiety for one who threw hs soul into the welfare of the institution as Professor Sill did. With all his gentleness and singular loveability, he was a man capable of strong feelings of antagonism, and he was keen and fearless in controversy where he considered the principles of sound education at stake; and he and the present honored head of the University, President (then Professor) Kellogg, had more than once to take the chief brunt of the battles against Philistinism.

In 1882 Professor Sill felt it best to retire from arduous work, for some years at least, intending to remain quietly in his home at Berkeley and occupy himself as a writer. Soon after, however, at the desire of his father-in-law, whose health had begun to fail, Professor and Mrs. Sill changed their plans, and returned to Cuyahoga Falls. In the next four years they lived very quietly there, Professor Sill contributing to the Atlantic Monthly, Century, and Nation. Returning to literature thus, in the maturity of his powers, he found at once a welcome as a poet and essayist, which promised a large future. His old friends, who had always, from his boyhood, urged on him the hope of literary greatness, congratulated themselves that it was at hand. But his health, never good, failed more and more.

In the winter of 1886-7 he strained his already enfeebled constitution very severely by an act of sympathetic humanity, in nursing a neighbor (whose claim on him was slight) through typhoid, and narrowly escaped the disease himself. While still at the lowest ebb of strength he submitted to a slight surgical operation, which unexpectedly proved more than he was able to endure. He died in Cleveland, in February, 1887, before he had completed his 47th year.

Since Professor Sill's death, his literary reputation, instead of declining, has steadily grown; and his personality continues to excite interest in strangers, as well as to be cherished very faithfully in memory by his friends. His influence as a teacher has proved very abiding; and moreover, radiating, since his pupils have been influential as teachers, and as advocates of his educational and ethical fates. Short as his life was, and impeded by frail health, it was a life filled with intense activity, and many of its purposes were fulfilled more nearly than Professor Sill ever foresaw.

TWO POEMS BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

THE THINGS THAT WILL NOT DIE.*

What am I glad will stay when I have passed
From this dear valley of the world, and stand
On yon snow-glimmering peaks, and lingering cast
From that dim land
A backward look, and haply stretch my hand,
Regretful, now the wish comes true at last?

Sweet strains of music I am glad will be
Still wandering down the wind, for men will hear
And think themselves from all their care set free,
And heaven near,
When summer stars burn very still and clear,
And waves of sound are swelling like the sea.

And it is good to know that overhead
Blue skies will brighten, and the sun will shine,
And flowers be sweet in many a garden bed,
And all divine
(For are they not, O Father, thoughts of thine?)
Earth's warmth and fragrance shall on men be shed.

And I am glad that night will always come,
Hushing all sounds, even the soft-voiced birds,
Putting away all light from her deep dome,
Until are heard,
In the wide starlight's stillness, unknown words
That make the heart ache till it find its home.

And I am glad that neither golden sky,
Nor violet lights that linger on the hill,
Nor ocean's wistful blue, shall satisfy.
But they shall fill
With wild unrest and endless longing still,
The soul, whose hope beyond them all must lie.

*The first not contained in any published volume of his verse; the second included only in the rare volume, "The Venus of Milo and Other Poems," printed for his friends by Mr. Sill in 1883.

And I rejoice that love shall never seem
So perfect as it ever was to be.
But endlessly that inner haunting dream
Each heart shall see
Hinted in every dawn's fresh purity,
Hopelessly shadowed in each sunset's gleam.

And though warm mouths will kiss and hands will cling,
And thought by silent thought be understood,
I do rejoice that the next hour will bring
That far off mood
That drives one like a lonely child to God,
Who only sees and measures everything.

And it is well that when these feet have pressed
The outward path from earth, 'twill not seem sad
To them that stay; but they who love me best
Will be most glad
That such a long unquiet now has had,
At last, a gift of perfect peace and rest.
(March, 1872.)

THE SECRET.

A tide of sun and song in beauty broke
Against a bitter heart, where no voice woke
Till thus it spoke:—

What was it, in the old time that I know,
That made the world with wiser beauty glow,
Now a vain show?

Still dance the shadows on the grass at play,
Still move the clouds like great, calm thoughts away,
Nor haste, nor stay.

But I have lost that breath within the gale,
That light to which the daylight was a veil,
The star-shine pale.

Still all the summer with its songs is filled,
But that delicious undertone they held—
Why is it stilled?

Then I took heart that I would find again
The voices that had long in silence lain,
Nor live in vain.

I stood at noonday in the hollow wind,
Listened at midnight, straining heart and mind,
If I might find!

But all in vain I sought, at eve and morn,
On sunny seas, in dripping woods forlorn,
Till tired and worn.

One day I left my solitary tent
And down into the world's bright garden went,
On labor bent.

The dew stars and the buds about my feet
Began their old bright message to repeat,
In odors sweet;

And as I worked at weed and root in glee,
Now humming and now whistling cheerily,
It came to me,—

The secret of the glory that was fled
Shown like a sweep of sun all overhead,
And something said,—

"The blessing came because it was not sought;
There was no care if thou wert blest or not:
The beauty and the wonder all thy thought—
Thyself forgot."

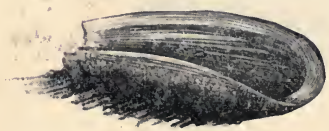
The Cha-No-Yu

(The Tea Ceremony.)

By Mrs. Bernard Moses.

It would be impossible to touch even superficially the subject of Japanese social life without giving some attention to the question of tea drinking, and the important part it plays in promoting, and even determining, the etiquette of humble as well as of polite society. On entering an inn, a shop, or a private house, a smiling almond-eyed maiden immediately appears, and, bowing low, offers the guest a tiny bowl of straw-colored water—quite unlike tea to the vitiated foreign taste. In houses of the better class, a small box of tea sweets is served with the tea. These tea sweets are made in attractive shapes, and much taste and skill are displayed in their moulding and coloring. One of the daintiest conceits in this line was served us in a tea house in the silk district during the spinning season. It was a confection in the form of pink and white cocoons of spun sugar, delightful to both eye and palate.

A box of tea sweets forms an appropriate acknowledgement of any attention, and there is an etiquette in regard to the kind of cakes, the box in which they are sent, and the manner of sending them, which is bewildering to the Western barbarian. It needs but a brief experience in polite society to convince an American that we are mere tyros in the matter of etiquette. From earliest childhood the high-class Japanese is taught to live according to the most rigid rules of an etiquette, which leaves no possible action to chance. Yet the Japanese have the simplest and most graceful manners imaginable. No movement is unstudied, and yet so thoroughly have the great teachers of etiquette mastered their art, that they have succeeded in disguising the fact that it is art and have made it seem simple and unaffected grace.



Among the aristocratic Japanese there are two styles of entertainment connected with tea drinking which enjoy great vogue. The first has a literary and aesthetic character and is rather more popular than the second mere formal entertainment, which has its origin in China and belongs to the old regime.

The literary tea party, called *cha-seki* in Japanese, is usually given in a tea house. The tea room opens on one side towards the garden, which has been especially arranged and freshened for the occasion. It is carpeted with soft mats, and furnished with a hanging picture and a piece of bronze or lacquer. Sometimes the host sends a few choice specimens of the potter's art from his private collection, or a gold leaf screen lends a subdued splendor to the little room. In some tea houses there is a celebrated tea man who makes the tea for the party, as its preparation is looked upon as a fine art. The tea is a fine powder of choice variety. Ordinarily the host makes the tea himself and presents it to each guest with much ceremony. The literary part of the entertainment generally consists of story telling, each member of the party contributing his share. Japanese legends, the lives of heroes and great events in the history of Japan are the usual themes. If it be spring time and the cherry trees are in bloom, the guests vie with each other in verses celebrating the beauty of the pink blossoms. This poetry consisting of fourteen unrhymed syllables, is suggestive rather than descriptive. The couplet—

"Green fields in summer,
People sitting under shade trees"

does not seem a complete poem to our unimaginative souls, but the Japanese needs but a hint and his quick intuition supplies the rest. The guests at a *cha-seki* are sometimes entertained by professional story tellers. Especially clever are the Kowairo, or "the-tone-of-the-voice" men, who imitate the voice, gestures and acting of a celebrated actor. The *cha-seki* in Japanese society may thus be said to supply the place of our art clubs and literary circles.

The second style of tea ceremony is known as the *cha-no-yu*, which means boiling-hot tea water. Young Japan has outgrown this social custom and it is rarely practised at present, excepting among the most conservative lovers of old Japan. The ceremony was introduced from China in the 8th century, but it did not begin to flourish until it was developed and made a solemn social function by the magnificent 8th Shogun of the Ashikanga dynasty.

There are two tea houses in Kyoto, built for this ceremony by the shoguns of this line, which must have been marvels of beauty. They are named respectively the gold and the silver pavilions, from the style of their decorations. The

size of the tea room as prescribed by the devotees of the art was four mats. It was always situated in a beautiful garden, to which its sides were open. The decorations of the tea room as well as the arrangement of the garden were prescribed by rule and were simple, harmonious and of a subdued beauty, calculated to inspire lofty and noble sentiments. The houses of all the older nobility contain tea rooms and gardens used exclusively for the cha-no-yu.

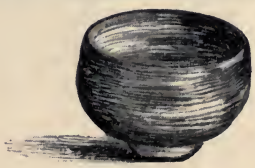
The peculiar pottery used in the tea ceremony is kept in these families as a precious possession. It is known as *raku-yaki* or happiness pottery, as the Chinese character *raku* indicates. There is but one family in Japan who makes and bakes the ware. The Korean ancestor of this family settled in Kyoto under the great general Hideyoshi in 1550. Specimens of the original Korean raku are priceless, and are only to be found in the godowns of the most noble Japanese families. The color of the tea bowls may be black, yellow or stone color. They are glazed, and slightly, if at all, decorated. The paté is coarse, and the impress of the potter's hands may be clearly seen. There is a peculiar over-hanging rim to the bowls and a well defined raised line about half way between the top and bottom. The tea caddy, also of *raku* ware, is, like the precious bowls, kept in beautiful brocade or embroidered bags, when not in use. In arranging the room for the tea ceremony the host himself attends to the minutest details. In a bronze brazier he places the living coals, and over the coals a wrought-iron kettle of rare workmanship; beside the brazier is a low stand, on top of which he carefully puts the precious black tea caddy filled with the powdered tea. Under the stand is a covered bowl of the freshest and purest water, and a tiny new wooden dipper lies beside it. The bowls in the brocade covers are placed in front and the tea whisk and fresh towels lie in their appointed places. There is, in addition to the regular tea bowls, a lipped bowl into which the boiling water is first poured from the kettle to cool it to the proper degree for making the tea—boiling water is never used. There are always two less tea bowls than the number of invited guests.

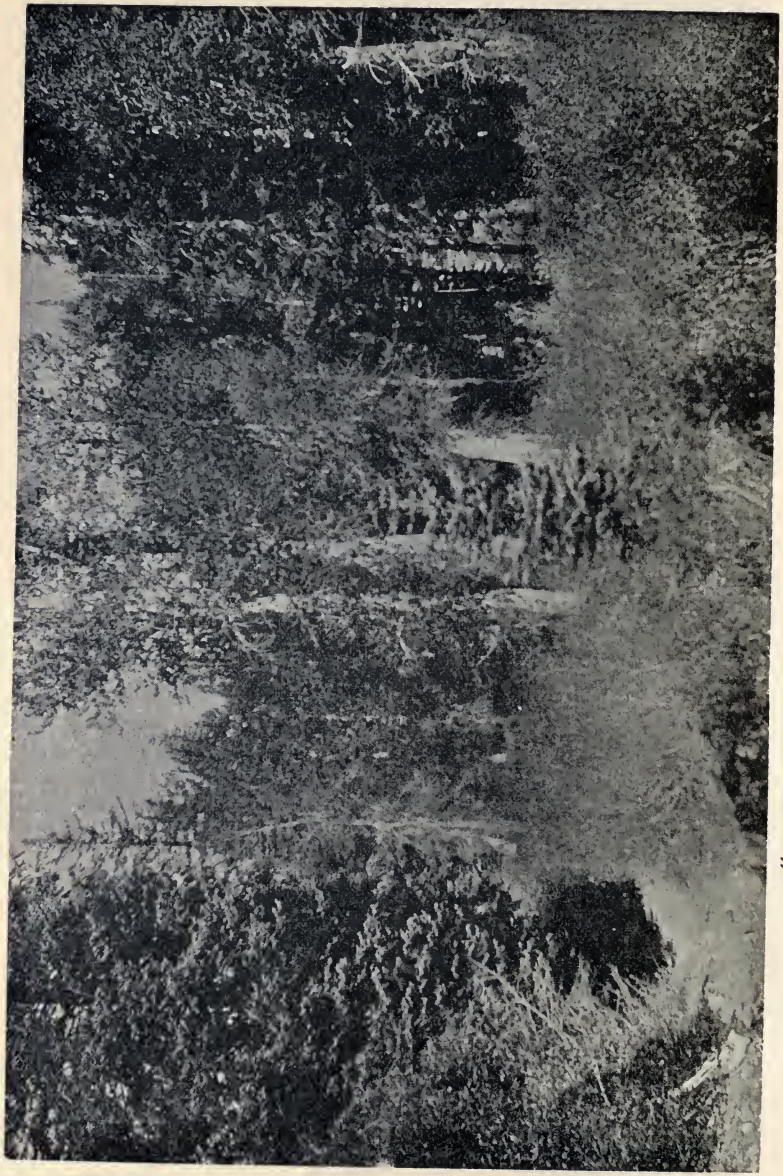
The room being arranged, the host, in his winged ceremonial dress, awaits his guests. They arrive at twelve o'clock and are received by the host on his knees. The salutation of bowing several times until the forehead touches the floor, is exchanged with each guest according to his rank. All then enter the tea room and seat themselves in rows facing each other. It is impossible to enter into the details of the making and serving of the tea. It is a process which requires a two years course to master. Every turn of the wrist and every motion of the body, in making and serving the tea, must be made in accordance with laws laid down by the

great master of this almost religious ceremony. The guests have their parts to perform, and must receive and drink the tea as prescribed. The conversation is confined to elaborate compliments and to the utterance of noble and lofty sentiments.

An important part of the ceremony consists in the inspection of the tea service. While this is being done the host must leave the room, that he may not hear his possessions praised. Incense is burned during the entertainment, and as incense burning is an art which can not be mastered under six months, the ceremony is elaborate. At intervals fish and soup are served. These two dishes are the only ones permitted at the *cha-no-yu*. Warm sake, rice wine, is taken at intervals, and during the last half hour of this function, which lasts about four hours, the guests relax etiquette and smoke their tiny pipes. Finally the guests begin the extravagant compliments prior to the formal farewell, and the host returns thanks for the pleasure of their honorable company and beseeches pardon for the abominable meanness of the entertainment. The foreheads touch the floor again and again as each guest departs, strict precedence in rank being always observed.

The progressive society of Japan has modified the rigid etiquette of the tea ceremony, until it has become in most cases a refined and polite prelude to their formal dinner parties, even in this form it becoming rarer every year. The *cha-no-yu* at which I assisted in the capacity of a much mystified guest, was not nearly so elaborate as the one I have tried to describe. It was performed by the Marquise of Nabeshima, who is celebrated in Tokyo for her knowledge of the fine points of the art. To me it seemed like a delsarte exhibition. The tiny silk-clad figure with its elaborate coiffeur and gorgeous *obi*, swayed to and fro in graceful curves, and the delight with which our Japanese friends followed the rhythmical motions showed that there are fields of enjoyment open to the Japanese of which we can form no conception. There was but one flaw in the artistic performance. Etiquette prescribes that the tea cup, held in both hands, shall be gracefully and slowly raised to the lips and drunk in three long, lingering draughts. The Japanese make these three draughts as audible as possible—they are swallowed, in fact, with a loud sucking sound—the more polite the drinker, the louder the noise he makes. I did my best to perform my part, but had to confess that my feeble imitation of a Japanese countess on my left betrayed beyond doubt that I was not to the manor born.





"THE OAKS," from a Painting by Wm. Keith.

A SENTIMENTALIST,

By

EDNAH ROBINSON.

It was in church that De Ruyter first saw her. He had drifted into St. Mary's Cathedral one morning attracted by a notice of an exceptionally fine musical programme. The music was good and he fell under its influence almost immediately; it thrilled yet soothed him. The long rolling chords swept away his week-day mood, and wafted him into that state which we are so apt to call spiritual when in fact the spirit lies deafened by sound, stifled by sense—satisfaction.

The effect of the music was afterwards almost dispelled by the long-winded arguments of an old priest who tediously demonstrated for upwards of an hour the almost impassable distance between his mind and that of his hearers. During the tiresome discourse, several persons got up and left the church, and then, through the gap made in the front pews, De Ruyter saw her. Her eyes were lifted reverently, and the stained light falling on her face brought out warm tints in cheeks and hair. To De Ruyter she looked like a St. Cecilia while she listened with upward gaze as the old priest ambled helplessly along dusty roads of logic, into choked paths of faith.

That he should be grateful to the preacher for his undoubted skill in winding out to the uttermost end a thin thread of thought, De Ruyter began to feel vaguely, for when the sermon was done, the service would soon end, and she would go. He wished he knew who she was, and for the first time regret crossed his mind for the past unsociability which had prevented an extensive acquaintance in San Francisco. She was undoubtedly well known; with that face no woman could live unrecognized in any community. He would find out at the Club, and then he would meet her, and then——. De Ruyter was fast lapsing into senility when a sudden stillness cut into his reverie. The priest had stopped for lack of breath. Then the organ again shook the Cathedral, and voices in which there was nothing of earth, rose higher and higher towards the heaven they sang of.

A more vital ecstasy thrilled De Ruyter, and his pulse

beat unsteadily. As he watched her, over her face a shadow seemed to creep, and he could have sworn that there were tears in the most wonderful eyes he had ever seen.

When the service was over, he lingered at the door. As she passed, her glance fell on him for an instant, and then back to her companions. He stumbled out of the church and started for the Club. Just as he had dreamed, so he had found her in a crowd, had recognized her, and she had passed him by. He could scarcely believe it, but did not for an instant doubt the truth of his intuition. He would find her, but first of all he would tell Cunningham; it was queer after the talk they had had. The night before he had dined with an old college chum at the Club; for ten years their hands had not met. In the midst of their reminiscences, Cunningham grew mirthful. "Have you met her yet, Vail?" he asked. "The impossible she? Or are you still waiting?"

"I have never met the woman I could marry," De Ruyter answered frankly. "When you come to analyze that confession, though, it is not derogatory to the other sex, for I know no women at all. I never did. You know that, Fred."

"I thought that time would brush off the romance," said Cunningham. "I have strong recollections of a college chum of mine who used to rant against what he called easy marriages or neighborhood matches. In fact, I have some of his ebullitions in verse on the subject—'The Only She,' 'His Spirit's Fittest Mate'—Ah, Vail? Confess you were wrong, old chap, or green. In this prosy world our ideals don't materialize. We just take the best we can get."

"How is your cousin?" asked de Ruyter irrelevantly. "Your wife, I mean. And the bairns?"

"Ella's been sickly ever since we were married," Cunningham spoke briefly. "New York doesn't agree with her or the children. But, of course, we can't break up for that. All my interests are there. So the last four years we have arranged it pretty well. She stays six months in the country, and stores up enough health to last through the half year in town. But we are happy enough. Happier, I guess, than the majority of married people who are always together." Cunningham's face had darkened.

"What good old times those were, Fred," de Ruyter said, hastily. "How you bring it all back. All the talks that used to last half through the night, when we philosophized of love and women as if we knew all that was to be known on the subject."

"But you were really the sentimentalist," said Cunningham, "although you declared it was I. You moped more over your romantic illusions than I on all the pretty girls who kept me continuously on the rack. I shall never forget one of the sermons you preached. I was pretty far gone on some girl. It was Daisy Kent. Do you remember her,

Vail? And I declared I would marry her. Did I care that she was poor? I had enough for two. What difference did it make to me that her parents were not Vere de Veres, if she was a thoroughbred? Finally you lost patience and burst out. I can see it all now. How you threw the book you had been reading to the other end of the room, and then jumped to your feet. 'Mate like a dog and die!' you cried. 'God in Heaven, man, can't you see it? It's the fever of loving you have. It's Daisy to-day, and another next month. Can't you have patience and wait for the right one? There is certainly a right one waiting somewhere for you. Of course you will meet her. Your paths cross somewhere, and you must meet sooner or later. May be Daisy is the right one, but then, would you offer her the heart that served another only last month? Pshaw! Fred. Give her a year, and see if you're right.' So I did wait a year."

"Yes, a year," mocked de Ruyter. "And married—some one else."

Cunningham winced. "Well, I must confess you have lived up to your precepts," he retorted.

De Ruyter laughed ruefully. "I guess I have waited too long. Before this she must have grown tired of waiting for me, and married one of her neighbors. The worst of it is that loyalty may have so blinded and bound her spirit eyes that she may not recognize me even if I jog her elbow as I pass on in the crowd."

"I believe that you will pass her by in the crowd and look right over her head. Or are you looking for a vision a la Marguerite?"

De Ruyter laughed, but did not answer, as he filled his glass and raised it to his lips. "Here is to her speedy coming," he said, soberly. "And may she come single!"

Cunningham threw a covert, questioning glance at his friend. He never quite knew how to take de Ruyter. "Do you know the Delorme's of San Mateo?" he asked. "I have letters to them."

"I know Rossiter Delorme," de Ruyter answered. "But none of the women. He belongs to the Club. You'd be surprised, Fred, if you knew how few people I know here after living ten years in San Francisco. No women at all, and besides the men I have met in business, only those at the Club. It has taken all my time trying to make a comfortable living for myself. You know I always said I would work first and play only when I had made enough to afford and enjoy it. I suppose I might go in for cotillions and that sort of thing now, as, confidentially, I have been pretty lucky, and am rather well fixed. But the lazy habit's too strong. I vibrate between the Club and my office, and the life suits me first rate."

Cunningham did not appear to be listening, and his eyes wandered back to de Ruyter as he paused.

"It is a significant fact," he said slowly, "that of all the old set at college you are the only one who has had the courage or obstinacy to live up to his own resolutions and convictions. We all had our notions, but we let circumstances mould our lives. You will get just what you make up your mind to want, Vail, old boy."

De Ruyter had laughed at the prophecy, but to-day it recurred to him. Now he knew what he wanted; the next thing was to get it. At the Club he met Cunningham. "Fred," he said with boyish directness. "I have seen her at last and she has seen me. She is more beautiful than even I had fancied her. Her name? That is just what I want to find out. I have not yet met her. But I will."

"Of course you will," Cunningham responded. "I expect to hear all about it when I come back from Honolulu. Yes, I am going to-morrow. I will bring you back a wedding present, old chap. Hope I won't be too late for the ceremony."

In the weeks following, de Ruyter developed a love for crowds. He never missed a night at the theatre, and Sunday always found him behind two grey horses in the park, for whose roads he entertained a sudden affection. One afternoon he was returning from a brisk drive to the Ocean Beach, when he grasped the arm of his companion.

"Who is that?" he asked with suppressed eagerness. "Behind the blacks—gong towards the Beach?"

Blake turned his head. "That's Mrs. S. Thorn Potter and her sister, Miss Lanier. Don't you know them? But you are such an unsociable wretch. My mother and sisters have about given up trying to get you to come to the house. They think with the rest of us, that a man of your means and attainments would be a great acquisition to the sociable world."

"I am more than half inclined to make my debut this winter," de Ruyter said, hurriedly, and then changed the subject with a jest.

After that it was strange how often de Ruyter ran across Miss Lanier and her sister, or saw their names in the paper. Their every movement was chronicled with religious solemnity. They were returning from San Rafael, or giving a dinner or contemplating a short trip to Monterey or Santa Barbara.

He saw them several times from a distance at the theatre, and once had stumbled against her in the Palace Hotel. After that last encounter, he had walked for days as one in a dream. His sentiment towards women had always partaken of more of the chivalry of the fifteenth than of the realism of the nineteenth century. Of this, a little was due to the fact that women had played such a small part in his life. His mother had died in his babyhood; the only

sisters he claimed, he owed to his two brothers' choice and discretion, and even those he had never met.

Miss Lanier he had deified in the few short weeks since he had first seen her. She was the embodiment of his dreams of womanhood. Nothing about her had escaped his notice. A fancy of hers it was to wear white flowers—carnations, hyacinths, violets—but always white; this it pleased de Ruyter to take as a symbol. A great longing was growing up in him to meet her, hear her voice; then barriers need there be none; for his will was stronger than all.

As soon as he had evinced his newly-born social inclination, invitations commenced to pour in upon him, and the same grim adherence to a set purpose that made him accept them all, carried him to the first big ball of the season. After paying his respects to his hostess, he had gone down to the ball-room, and was listlessly watching the dancers when his heart gave a sudden leap. She was there. And the next thought followed quick at its heels; he would meet her. In evening dress, Miss Lanier was a revelation to de Ruyter, who had never so seen her. Her slender figure was draped in filmy white stuff, that did not reproach the whiteness of neck and shoulders from which it fell. A large bunch of her favorite white flowers was in her hand.

De Ruyter watched her as she mingled with the crowd of dancers until his head spun. When the dance was over, he pulled a friend's arm. "I want you to present me to Miss Lanier," he said. His voice was thick. His friend turned and looked at him.

"Miss Lanier is not here to-night. She told me this afternoon she was not coming. Her sister, Mrs. Potter, was to be here, although I have not yet seen her."

De Ruyter leaned against the wall. What an ass he had been. He had taken it for granted that she was Miss Lanier. Jove, so she was married! Why the deuce had not Blake told him. But it was all his own fault. He had jumped at conclusions. It served him right. Who else but a fool would have allowed himself to drift into a passion so quixotically for an unknown. He would laugh at himself to-morrow.

His friend returned to where he was standing. "Miss Lanier is here after all. Yes, the one over there all in white. Was she there when you spoke? I beg your pardon. Come right along and I'll present you."

De Ruyter managed to get through the introduction. He afterwards wondered if he really had begged for a dance. But there it was. The tenth dance was to be his, and only three in between.

He stood by the door and watched her as she seemed to set the time for the music. At last the hour he had waited

for so long had come. What a brute face that man had who was dancing with her. De Ruyter conceived a strong antipathy to him. Two more dances. Had she recognized him, remembered his face? He thought that she had. He would see that from now on she would not forget him. He was hers, do or say what she would. One more dance. Now he regretted that he had paid so little attention to dancing the last decade. He had been a fairly good dancer. But there were many men in the room he knew could outstep him. His dance at last, and somehow de Ruyter found himself in the middle of the room with Miss Lanier. His arm was around her, her hand was in his, and they were together, waltzing down the years, no the room. Their step suited perfectly. Was it prophetic of their mutual fitness? And then he felt ashamed. Fitness? Who could be fit for such as she? All his past slips and falls rose up to jeer at him. He glanced down at her once, but she did not raise her eyes, although some emotion crossed her face. De Ruyter easily interpreted it. His strong feeling had transmitted itself to her. There was no need for words, for she knew how he felt and understood.

He was dancing into the heart of Elysium when the band crashed and the dance was over. De Ruyter started as if awakened from a deep sleep, and with the gait of a drunken man, he led her back to her seat. One of her carnations slipped from her fingers. De Ruyter stooped hastily, and before putting it in his button-hole, pressed it fervently to his lips. A great light shone in Miss Lanier's eyes, and she turned her head suddenly away.

De Ruyter went up to the smoking-room. He felt he could not stand seeing her in the arms of those brutes. He knew them—that is, most of them; knew the lives that they led, the fibre they were made of. That she, his spotless white flower, should be crushed in their embraces, soiled by their touch, maddened him. Then it occurred to him that he had not asked her for another dance. But he would go down later; and then he would make her speak to him. He had never even heard her voice, his silent sweetheart. It would be clear, and sweet—yes, as sweet as her face. Several cigars burned themselves out as he sat, and through the smoke he felt that several people had spoken to him, but they whispered so low he had not heard. And by and by they had faded away.

He was getting up to go down to the ball-room, when a tap fell on his shoulders.

"Well, you are an unsociable fellow, de Ruyter," a voice said familiarly. "Why are you not down dancing? Having the greatest time. Been to supper yet? Just come from there. Took Miss Lanier in. You know her? Isn't she witty? But sharp, too. I would not like to have her slice

me up as she did a poor fellow to-night. She won't tell us his name, but I think I can guess. She just convulsed us. A capital mimic. It seems a man was presented to her. He was such a piteous spectacle that she gave him a dance without the asking. When the dance came, he came up prompt as a clock, but as dumb as the grave. Miss Lanier was puzzled to know if he really was dumb. She commenced to fear he was drunk. You should see her take off the way he looked at her. She said that once he nearly caught her laughing, but I guess he didn't. She's such a capital actress. The best amateur in town. Why, I have seen her take parts that would bring tears from a stone, which has really more heart than she can lay claim to. That's the only thing she lacks, for she is as cold as an icicle. Where was I? If you can believe it, not a word did they say that whole waltz through. She kept up the farce finely, and looked as demure as a sweet-sixteen maiden. When it was over she dropped one of her flowers to see what he would do. He kissed it and then pressed it to his heart, so melodramatically that Miss Lanier had to hide her face. O, she's such a good mimic. I think it was young Delorme. He's just been taken home—half seas over. There is Jones. I must tell him. See you later."

A minute after the cold air greeted de Ruyter as he slipped out of the crowded hall. He walked along Franklin street, but did not hail a car at any of the crossings. At Post street he turned down towards town. He preferred to walk. He wanted to be alone for a while. How cold the wind was. The weather had changed. He should have worn his heaviest overcoat. But a hot drink at the Club would fix him all right.

Cunningham called him from the reading-room as he passed.

"Was waiting up just to see you, Vail. You are home early. I wanted you to know that I was back. I brought you your wedding present, old fellow."

De Ruyter put up his hand as if to stop him.

"Don't you want to see it, or shall I keep it as a surprise? When is it coming off, Vail? Hang it, I hope nothing's gone wrong. You look as if you had just come from her funeral."

"I have," said de Ruyter, and he threw into the grate a white carnation he had been crushing in his hand.

THE SONG OF THE BELLS.

By

CHARLES A. KEELER.

(Mission San Juan Capistrano.)

First Bell.

Ave Maria Purissima! hear!
Seventeen ninety and six was the year
When I was hung in the tower of stone,
Singing aloft in a solemn tone,
Sending the summons for miles around
That all might list to the welcome sound.
Kling, klang, clatter and ring—
Thus the bells of the Mission sing.

Second Bell.

Vicente Fuster was padre when I
Was swung in the great church tower on high,
And my metal tongue in its brazen throat
Sounded its first triumphant note,
Blent with the sacred song within
And my sister's voice in a mighty din.
Kling, klang, clatter and ring—
Thus the bells of the Mission sing.

Third Bell.

I was inscribed to San Rafael,
And I pealed, men said, like a silver bell,
When high in the belfry I proudly hung,
And a note was struck with my eager tongue,
Heard by the Indian mother and child,
By soldier stern and by padre mild.
Kling, klang, clatter and ring—
Thus the bells of the Mission sing.

Fourth Bell.

Last of the bells in the high church tower,
Farthest from men and supremest in power,
Ave Maria Purissima! lo!
Men called me San Antonio,
And I rang aloft where the stars could hear,
And I called with the name of my mother dear.
Kling, klang, clatter and ring—
Thus the bells of the Mission sing.

All the Bells.

Morning and evening for many a year
We summoned the people from far and near,—
Summoned the herder who left his flock,
Called the vaquero away from his stock,—
Indian mother and Mexican maid
Fondly, the summons to prayer, obeyed.
Kling, klang, clatter and ring—
Thus the bells of the Mission sing.

Till ah, we called on an evil hour!
For the temblor came and it rent our tower,
And down we fell with a crash and a clang—
With the cries of the stricken the sad church rang!
Then they lifted us up to toll for the dead,
And drear were our notes while the mass was said.
Toll, toll, stifled and slow—
Thus the bells voiced a people's woe.

Such were the songs of our ancient prime,
But oh the havoc and waste of time!
For the years, the years with their pitiless train,
Have heard our pleadings and prayers in vain;
They have filled the graves in the church yard lone,
And crumbled the arches and scattered the stone.
Kling, klang, clatter and ring—
Our throats are cracked and we seldom sing.

MOSSBRAE FALLS, Castle Crags, Shasta Co., Cal.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF FRANK M. PIXLEY.

We are apt to make life altogether too serious. If we should wake up in the next world and find there was none, we should have occasion to reproach ourselves for many neglected opportunities for a good time lost. We are too ambitious to get rich. And if there is another and a hotter world than this, those of our restless, overreaching, toiling rich men, who find themselves where their gold is melting and water is scarce, may regret that they did not make better use of their money in a country where it was current, and at a time when it was at par. It was the evident intention of the Creator to make the life of His creatures an enjoyable and pleasant one. To birds, and beasts, and fishes He gave the air and earth, and water for their enjoyment; to them He gave but one care—that of procuring food for themselves and for their young—and the young are not too long permitted to depend upon the parents' care. To man he gave dominion over the earth; and, through art and science, skill, labor and industry, he is to subject it to his use. That use is for the advancement of his pleasure, for healthful, rational enjoyment. The man or woman who does not make that use of life is unnatural and ungrateful, as wicked and absurd as the well-fed bird who sits in the sun and will not sing. And the parent who does not delight in seeing children enjoy themselves is as unnatural as the austere sheep who sulks and frowns when lambkins sport upon the meadow in the sunlight. There is more sunshine than shadow, if we only look for it; there are more gay things than grave things; there is more of music, and melody, and joy, and gladness in the natural universe than there is of sad and solemn sound and gloomy sight. The bright and glorious orb around which our earth revolves has only here and there a dark spot upon its shining surface; the moon is always half in light and reflects more of sunshine than shadow; the stars are ever bright, and when hidden by the darkness of intervening clouds, these are silver lined. There are

> "Books in the running brooks;
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

There is music in the rustling wind, the babbling stream,

the insects' breathing hum, the song of birds and the whirr of cities; solemn anthems sung in forest leaves, and sublimest melody from the ocean's wave. There are grand paintings by the Master hung upon the arching vault as the sunset lingers on our western sky; scenes upon our hills as they change from emerald green to russet brown; more gorgeous landscapes in our valleys than Claude Lorraine could paint; more beauties in the heart of mountains than the glowing pencil of the artist can catch and transfer to canvas. This is a jolly world of ours if we would make it so. It is a glorious life spread out for our enjoyment for the three-score years and ten of our allotment, if with happy hearts and cheerful minds we would make it so. Too many of us, ambitious for power, eager to grow rich, annoyed by small vexations, make life a constant battle from the cradle to the grave.

"The pleasure of life in California," said a friend to us the other day, "is in its ups and downs—'rich to-day and not a cent to-morrow.'"

We met our friend upon the middle-ground of assent—the half-way house on the road of argument—we admitted the truth of just half his proposition, which, being interpreted, reads thus: "The pleasure of life in California is its ups."

The idea that reverses are calculated to do us good, to work a sort of moral regeneration, and act as a purifying element to chasten, and improve, and elevate us, and all that sort of thing, is to us cheap sentimentality. It is gurgling bosh. It is the sweet rippling of pious and nonsensical cant. It comes from maiden aunts, and meek-faced Sunday-school teachers.

We never stubbed our toe, or got a splinter in our finger that did us any good, when we were a boy. No bumblebee ever stung us up to a point of moral rectitude. We never recognized a broken sled as a purifying element in a day's sport, or looked upon a rain storm when we wanted to go to the circus or general training as a chastening and improving incident.

As we grew up we never remember to have been especially benefited by the "downs" of life. It is when we are "up" that all the better elements of men's and women's nature come to the surface. Then they are gentle, just and generous, forgiving, kind and considerate. When reverses occur, and hard, gaunt-eyed poverty comes stalking into a man's home, they are cold, harsh and cruel; exacting, selfish and inconsiderate.

GHOSTS. We believe in ghosts because we have seen them. We do not think that Sargent stands a ghost of a

chance to be Senator. He thinks he does, so he believes in ghosts. If there be no ghosts, how do they troop home to church-yards at midnight? If there were no ghosts, why should fellows whistle when they go through a grave-yard, to keep their courage up? If there be no ghosts, who, then, haunts empty houses? What is a Banshee but a ghost? And everybody knows that Banshees are thick in Ireland. Do we not hear of ghostly confessors? Spiritualists believe in ghosts in materialization of spirits where ghosts assume the shape of dead persons. We have seen photographs of ghosts, ghosts in cabinets, with arms and hands of real flesh and blood; and then everybody knows there are witches. All through the records of history there are ghosts and witches; for instance, the ghost of the murdered Banquo and Hamlet's father; the witches of Macbeth. The Bible is full of ghosts and witches, as the Witch of Endor. There were plenty of witches in Puritan times. They were seen by Increase and Cotton Mather, upon broomsticks, flying in the air. Sir Matthew Hale believed in witches. Unless there were witches in New England, how could they be burned and drowned? If witches do not get into old women and swine, what makes some old women act so, and how can one account for the way hogs behave themselves? Young women get bewitched and bewitch men. We have seen old men so badly bewitched by women that they acted as if the devil was in them.

There is the witch-hazel to find water and gold with. We ask, triumphantly, what makes the twig bend and wiggle when it is held over a gold mine, if it is not bewitched? Col. Ingersoll may lecture about devils, and attempt to prove there are no devils, but we do not believe a word of it. If there are no devils, then we ask what makes people act so devilish at times? Devils! Yes, plenty of them. How could devils be cast out if there were none? What becomes of that splendid poem of Milton's Paradise Lost, if there are no devils? Who took our Saviour up upon the mountain, and tempted him with all the kingdoms of the earth? Who chased Tam O'Shanter? Could St. George have become the Patron Saint of England, if he had not slain the dragon; and the dragon was the devil? Was not Eve tempted by the devil? Did not St. Patrick drive the snakes out of Ireland, and thus expel the devil from Ireland? The yellow standard of the Chinese has for its emblem the dragon; all the mountains, lakes, and rivers of China have their devils, and is not every Chinaman that comes to California a devil? Is not the very devil to pay in our politics? If there were no devil, who would take care of the Federal ring. In other words, does not the devil care for his own? Do not people have blue devils when times are hard? Does not the stock market get the very devil in

it? What is delirium tremens but the devil in a fellow's boots; and if a husband comes home at night late, and slightly inebriated, don't he catch the devil? What is a drunken women but the devil? What makes a man abuse his wife?

"When the devil got sick the devil a Monk would be;
When the devil got well, the devil a Monk was he."

Then, if there be a devil, there must be a place for him.

"God made Satan, and Satan made sin;
God made a hell to put Satan in."

There are three things which challenge especial admiration and approval:—brains, courage and conscience. A knave with brains is better than a fool without, though he have courage and conscience. Courage without brains leads fools where angels dare not tread. Conscience with scant brains makes a goody-goody sort of useless man, for without courage he is useless if not dangerous. Conscience alone preserves no man's integrity, and guards but poorly female virtue. Brains, courage, and conscience make the perfect man and the model woman. From such men and women the grandest communities and the proudest commonwealths may grow.

THE FINAL GOSPEL.

By GEORGE C. WILSON.

What matter, if we search for God
In ways no other foot hath trod?
What though we deem He hears our call,
Or doubt if he hath heard, at all?
It is the striving of the soul
That is, itself, the very goal;
Who yearns for Him, unceasingly,
Shall find—hath found—for that is He.
Whoever tries to thread the maze
Of churchly doctrines, or essays
To prove one absolutely true,
To men of every clime and hue—
Resolved to cast all others out—
Must learn to honor honest doubt;
For, thought we sit in neighboring pews,
We hold diverse and warring views—
Scarce two agreeing, dot for dot,
What is God's meaning, or is not.
One sees a God whose vengeance dire
Foredooms the babe to endless fire;
One sees a gracious, pard'ning smile
For all mankind, despite its guile;
One holds the hampered human will
Accountable for every ill;
And *one* e'en doubts if Chance or God
Created him a soul, or clod.
But, best of all is whose deeds
Are just and right by all the creeds—
Whom Christian, Moslem, Pagan, all
Approve, whate'er his name they call;
Who grants that creeds, howe'er received,
Are but beliefs, howe'er believed;
Who hath no quarrel with his friend
About his faith or final end,
Nor seeks to pry conviction loose
Upon the fulcrum of abuse;
Who neither boasts himself a saint,
Nor damns the world with loud complaint;
Who meets contention, when he must,
With valiant front and manly thrust,
But trains his hand, and heart, and mind,
In love's sweet art of being kind;
Whose footsteps part not from his speech;
Who lives what others only preach—
Content to leave the rest to Him
Who purposely hath made it dim.
He frets not that he cannot show
Those things which none can surely know;
But strives to do, as best he can,
His duty to his fellow-man—
And waits not for some future sphere,
But tries to make a Heaven here.

After Strange Gods.*

By

FRANK NORRIS.

This is not my story. It is the story of my friend, Kew Wen Lung, the *gong-toi*, who has his little green and yellow barber shop on Sacramento street, and who will shave you for one bit, while you hold the shaving bowl under your chin. This price, however, includes the cleaning of the inside of your eyelids with a long sliver of tortoise shell held ever so steadily between his long-nailed finger tips. Kew Wen Lung told me all about it over three pipes in his little room back of the shop, where a moon-faced, old-fashioned, eight-day clock measured off the length of the telling, ticking stolidly on, oblivious to its strange companionship of things in lacquer, sandalwood and gilt ebony.

There were a great many ragged edges and blank gaps in Kew Wen Lung's story, which I have been obliged to trim off or fill in. But in substance I repeat it as I got it first-hand from him—squatting on the edge of his teakwood stool, contentedly drawing at his brass *sui-yen-hu.*

Of course it was only at the World's Fair that Rouveroy, who was a native of a little sardine village on the fringe of the Brittany coast, could have met and become so intimately acquainted with Lalo Da, who, until that same Columbian year, had passed her nineteen summers in and about a little straw and bamboo village built upon rafts in the Pei Ho River, somewhere between Pekin and Tientsin. Lalo Da was not her real name, but one which Rouveroy was accustomed to call her. Her real name was unpronounceable by French lips, but, translated into English, I believe it meant "The Light of the Dawn on a White Rice Flower."

Rouveroy was a sailor before the mast on the French

*Courtesy of *Overland Monthly.*

man-o'-war "Admiral Duchesne," and was detailed as a guardian in the French exhibit of china and tapestry in the Manufacturers' Building. Lalo Da belonged to the Chinese pavilion in the Midway, and was one of the flower girls who sold white chrysanthemums in the restaurant there.

Now, I have seen Lalo Da, and I am not in the least surprised at Rouveroy for falling in love with her. Indeed, I myself—but that is neither here nor there,—and she was fond of Ronveroy, and I am only the teller of a plain, unvarnished tale. But she was as good to look upon as is the starlight amidst the petals of dew-drenched orchids when the bees are drowsing and the night is young, and the breath of her mouth was as the smell of apples, and the smooth curve of her face where the cheek melted into the chin was like the inside of a gull's wing as he turns against the light. This was how Kew Wen Lung spoke of her. For me, she was as pretty a little bit of Chinese bric-a-brac as ever evaded the Exclusion Act.

For Rouveroy, Lalo Da was simply Lalo Da; he could compare her to nothing but herself, which was an abstruseness beyond the reach of his rugged Breton mind, so he simply took her for herself, as she was, without consideration, comment or comparison.

He met her first when he was off duty one day, and was seeing the sights in the Midway. He went to the theatre in the Chinese pavilion, and then afterwards, with a companion, lounged into the restaurant. She sold him a chrysanthemum here, and so he came the next day and bought another, and the next, and still the next, until at last she began to recognize him, and they talked together. He discovered to his great delight that she spoke a broken French, which she had picked up from her father, who had been a clog-maker in the French colony at Tonkin. One had to hear Lalo Da talk French, with her quaint little Chinese accent, in order to appreciate it.

She was with her sister-in-law, Wo Tchung, a low-meng'-iugh, with a face like a Greek comedy mask, who mended the costumes for the actors in the theatre, and who smoked all the time. The two lived together in a pretty little box over the theatre, full of chrysanthemums of all sorts of colors, and there Rouveroy spent most of his evenings when he and Lalo Da did not have to be otherwise engaged, while old Wo Tschung smoked and smoked, and while Lalo Da sang to him the quaintest little songs in the world, accompanying herself upon her two-stringed sitar, with its cobra-skin sounding board.

Altogether, iti was an experience the like of which Rouveroy had never dreamed. Lalo Da seemed to him a being of another world, but whether his equal, his inferior, or his superior, he was unable to say. At times in his more rational moments he was forced to acknowledge to himself that this

could not go on forever. He was a sailor before the mast, and she was a Chinese flower girl. Manifestly they were not made for each other. Soon he would go away—back to Brittany, and possibly marry some solid-built, substantial Jeannette or Marie; and when the great White City should be closed Lalo Da would return to her little straw village on the Pei Ho, to be mated with a coolie who worked in the tea fields, and who would whip her. It was folly to allow himself to love her; it was cruel to try to make her love him; the whole affair was wrong; it was unjust; it was unkind; it was never intended to be,—but O, it was sweet while it lasted!

It lasted just one day over a month. At the end of that time Rouveroy climbed to her little room one Sunday evening and sat down, very quiet and very grave, in her window seat. Lalo Da came and sat upon his knees, and put her hands upon his face. Wo Tschung passed him his tea, and gave Lalo her little pipe with its silver mouth-piece. She teased him while he drank his tea, and joggled his arm until he wet his big, yellow beard. She laughed a laugh that was like the tinkling of a little silver bell; but looked into his face and suddenly became very serious. Then she spoke to him in French.

"Yee-Han," she said,—for that was her way of pronouncing Rouveroy's "Jean,"—"Yee-Han, what is the matter to-night?"

Rouveroy took a yellow envelope from his pocket. "Lalo, I must go away. I have received orders to join my ship at New Orleans."

Then Lalo Da put her two small arms around his neck and cried.

A week later the Admiral Duchesne was two days out from port.

In the big Chinese pavilion on the Midway, Lalo Da dragged out the days as best she might, with her heart sick in her little body and a choking ac e in her throat. During the day she vended her white chrysanthemums with smiles upon her face that were more pitiful than tears; but at night she took a little china image from her bosom and burnt sandal-wood and incense sticks before it, and putting her forehead to the ground prayed that she might see her big "Yee-Han" very soon.

The days grew to weeks and the weeks into months,—her china joss gave her no sign, and the prayer-sticks fell askew and unfavorable where she cast them. Her longing after Rouveroy took the form of home-sickness, and when an opportunity occurred of returning to China and to the island village on the Pei Ho she took advantage of it, and within the week found herself with Wo-Tchung in the streets of San Francisco. Chinatown in San Francisco, with its dirt, its impurity of air, its individual and particular foulness,

and its universal and general wickedness, was not the clean and breezy freshness of the village in the Pei Ho; but it was Chinese, and as such her heart warmed to it. Lalo Da's father belonged to the Lee Tong association, and while they stayed the Lee Tong looked after them, and they lodged on Dupont street, at the house of one of the heads of the Tong, whose name was Foo Tan, and who was known as a doctor of some repute.

One day, soon after they had arrived, Lalo Da was minded to offer her usual prayer with an unusual sacrifice before the great joss, in the temple just off Sacramento street. She went early in the afternoon, carrying with her as an offering a roasted suckling pig, all gay with parsley, lemon-peel, tissue paper and ribbons. She laid the offering before the joss, and wrote her prayer on a bit of rice-paper. Standing on the matting before the joss, she put her two fists together, placed them against her chest, and bowed to him twice, after which she bowed her forehead to the ground, and then, sitting back upon her heels, put the slip of rice paper in her mouth, chewed it to a spongy paste, rolled it into a little wad and flung it at the joss. That was the manner of her praying. Last of all she shook the prayer-sticks till her arms were tired, and flung them out upon the ground in front of her. They fell more favorably than they had ever done before. She rose with a lightened heart, paid her bit to the mumbling old priest, and departed. As she went joyfully down the dirty stairs she met Rouveroy.

For the past month he had been stationed at Acapulco, then the Admiral Duchesne had been ordered to San Francisco, and his curiosity had driven him, when on shore leave, to wander into the tangled maze of narrow lanes, crooked streets and unkempt piles of houses that make up Chinatown.

The old life began again; and again Rouveroy would climb to Lalo Da's little eyrie under the roof, where one could look out at the city dropping away beneath to meet the bay, and the bay reaching out to kiss the Contra Costa shore, which in its turn rose ever so slowly toward the faint blue cap of Diablo. Close below them the great heart of the city beat and beat all day long, but they did not hear it. The world might roll as it liked in those days.

There had been an unusually warm summer in San Francisco that year and small-pox broke out in the crowded alleys of Chinatown. It was very bad for a while, and one morning Lalo Da woke to the consciousness of a little fever and nausea and a slight pricking and twitching in her face and in the palms of her hands. She knew what it meant.

When the small-pox attacks an Oriental it does not always kill him, but it never leaves him until it has set its seal upon him horribly, indelibly. It deforms and puckers

the features, and draws in the skin around the eyes and cheek-bones, until the face is a thing of horror.

Lalo Da knew that she was doomed, that even if she recovered, her face would be a grinning mask, and that Rouveroy, her "Yee-Han," would shudder at it, and never love her any more. She was sure of this,—ignorant as she was, she could not see that perhaps Rouveroy might love her for herself, not for her face.

What Lalo Da went through with that morning, as she sat up in her bed with her rattling teeth, I do not like to think of. But in the end she resolved to do a fearful thing.

Now, let us be as lenient with her as we can. Remember that Lalo Da was after all only half-civilized; but before everything else remember that she was a woman, and that she loved Rouveroy very much. For a like case a man would have bowed down and submitted. Lalo Da being what she was, fought against fate as a cornered rat will fight.

She expected Rouveroy that evening. She said to herself, while her nails bit into her palms, "I will not be sick until to-morrow."

Nor was she. How she nerved herself to keep up that day is something never understood; a man could not have done it. She had made up her mind slowly as to what she should do, and being once resolved, set about it remorselessly. Remember always that she was half-civilized, that she was a woman, and that the little fever devils just behind her eyes danced and danced all day long. She sought out the doctor, Foo Tan.

"Foo Tan," she said, "what is it that will best make the eyes blind?"

He told her, and she wrote it down on her fan.

"Is it not otherwise dangerous?"

He said "No," and then she left him.

When Rouveroy came that evening he found her in bed all but delirious.

"It is *le petit verrol*, Yee-Han,—small-pox; promise me that you will go away for three months, and not try to see me until I am better. You must not be near me, heart of my heart, lest the sickness should fasten upon you as well. Remember, you have promised. Now go. Good-bye. I will send to you when it is time."

She kissed him upon the mouth and upon the eyes. Then the strain gave way. The little fever devils joined hands, and spun around and around behind her eyes, and she began talking very fast in Chinese about white horses and *cahn-chamahs*, and white-hot winds that blew in from the desert across the Pei Ho River.

After a long while he went away, and Wo Tschung went to the door with him and called him to remember that he was not to try to see her for three months.

The days began to pass very wearily; the hot weather held and the rain would not fall. The Admiral Duchesne went up to Mare Island for repairs, and while Foo Tan fought for the life of Lalo Da, and while the health officers kept the yellow sign upon the door and strewed chloride of lime around the house, Rouveroy went drearily about his duties, wondering what could be the meaning of shooting pains across his forehead and a maze of dull sparks weaving kaleidoscope patterns before his eyes.

At last, one day, when everything five feet distant would be occasionally swallowed up by a lurid mist, he reported to the ship's surgeon. The ship's surgeon examined his eyes, then laid down his instrument and said very gently, as he cleared his throat:—

"You must be prepared for a great shock. The vitreous humor has been somehow poisoned, and the optic nerves paralyzed; it is a form of very acute hypermetrophy. My poor fellow, in a few weeks you will be totally blind."

This was true. All the light in the world went out for Rouveroy within the next month, and he went about with arms dangling at his sides—for a blind man never swings his arms when he walks—and people who talked to him always spoke in a loud, distinct voice. He managed to keep himself together pretty well in the day time, but at night he would often beat his head against the floor, and hurt himself with his nails and teeth.

At the end of three months, and about the time when his hearing began to get acute, and he had begun to occupy himself with making things out of bits of string, and had forgotten to turn his head in the direction of the speaker when addressed, he got word from Lalo Da and went back to her.

Lalo Da mourned over him and kissed his sightless eyes again, and the two went back to China, and eventually went to Tonkin, where Lalo Da's father still fashioned clogs, and where Rouveroy found employment in the French colony, making hammocks, fish-nets and net-purses.

"You see," Lalo Da had said to Wo Tschung, "I know that he knows I have had the small-pox, and that my face is no longer the face of a human being, but he can't *see* it, and so he will always know me only as I was in the old days when I was a flower-girl, and he used to come and see me in the little room over the theatre."

And so the two live on in Tonkin, the one distorted by disease and the other blind. You would not know them for the same people that had once met each other in the Midway Plaisance.

This is the story as my friend Kew Wen Lung, the *gong-lon*, told it to me. Personally I do not believe very much of it: however, you may have it for what it is worth.

San Lorenzo Creek, Santa Cruz County, Photo by Maurer.

A BIT OF CHEER,

By

HARRIET L. LEVY.

(*An apartment, half parlor—half library, in the home of Diana Sprague. Fragmentary evidence of luxury; general effect of faded elegance. Miss Edith Colton, exquisitely attired, sits opposite the hostess, rocking rythmically. From time to time her glance takes in the details of the apartment.*)

Edith—Never mind me. Tell me about yourself.

Diana—About me? Oh, that's a tale soon told. I teach. I wrote to you that I had started to give lessons after papa's last stroke. Well, I have been conjugating the same verb ever since. I teach, teach, teach, from eight in the morning until six at night. When I'm not teaching, I am sleeping. Thrilling, isn't it?

Edith (aghast)—Hardly. Still (with determined brightness) it is jolly to know that you *can* teach.

Diana—It is—very jolly.

Edith—Now, I am the most useless person you ever saw. Mamma says that I have no more idea of system than—well, I don't know what. I am never ready for anything. The night of Eva Saunders' wedding——

Diana—Eva Saunders! Is she married?

Edith—Why, where have you been? You certainly have retired from society. She was married last Thursday.

Diana (eagerly)—A family wedding, I suppose?

Edith—Oh my, no. It was a magnificent affair. I really believe it was the loveliest wedding I ever attended. Everybody was there.

Diana (constrainedly)—Did she look well?

Edith—Who? Eva? Oh, yes, she looked as well as she can. But I wish you could have seen my dress—queer that she didn't invite you—it would have done you good to see it. Mr. Colville said that it was unkind of me to wear it, though.

Diana—Unkind?

Edith (with a deprecating pout)—Yes, he said that it was unfair to cut a girl out at her own wedding. He's so ridiculous. But my dress really is a beauty. It's the prettiest of all the gowns I brought home with me.

Diana—Yellow?

Edith—Of course. Do you remember last winter when

we four girls determined to wear only our most becoming color? Well, I can't wear anything but yellow since. I am the only one that kept it up. Mr. Colville says that it is silly, but I can't change. Eva stopped wearing blue a long time ago, and May never wore red after she married; and you—let me see—what was your shade?

Diana—Green.

Edith—Green? You! Why, Di, can yeu wear green?

Diana—I used to have color, you know. I suppose I look like a wreck to-day.

Edith—No, indeed; but you do seem a little tired. A change is what you need. Why don't you pack up and make a little trip to Florida or California, or—oh, Nice is the loveliest place for the winter. We met some of the most delightful people there. Wasn't it odd that Jack Colville and I should have first met there of all places. Really, you ought to go. I know just how you feel. I'm sure I shall break down before the end of the season. Did you ever see such a gay winter? I haven't a night free for the next three weeks. Jack Colville says that if I weren't such a *gourmande* that I would have broken down long ago. Oh! that reminds me. The other night at the wedding, Eva came up to where Mr. Colville and I were seated, and she said, "You'll have to hurry up, Edith; you're the last of the old crowd," and she looked at us so queerly. It was awfully embarrassing.

Diana—It must have been.

Edith—I met your old admirer, Ed Turner, the other night. (Coquettishly) You ought to have heard the pretty compliment that he paid you.

Diana (flushing)—Indeed?

Edith—He sat opposite to me at dinner at Norton's. It was a superb affair. You know what dinners May Norton can get up. Well, she outdid herself Tuesday.

Diana—Well?

Edith—Well, somebody asked about you. I think it was Albert Mervy. Yes, it was he. It seems that he saw you in the street, and he couldn't get over the way——

Diana—The way I had changed. Go on.

Edith—Well—yes. He said he didn't have any patience with a girl's trying as hard as she could to ruin her good looks. And Belle Robinson declared that her father knew all about your father's affairs, and that there wasn't any necessity for you to teach yourself into your grave. Well, I just spoke up and told them that I liked you better this way—it gave you a sort of interesting look.

Diana—And Mr. Turner said?

Edith—Oh, I forgot about him. He said that he missed you ever so much in society. He said that he used to love

to dance with you—you waltz so well. Now, wasn't that a pretty compliment? (Confidentially)—Does he ever come to see you?

Diana (bitterly)—Never. We couldn't waltz very well here.

Edith—I can't make him out. He's awfully attentive to that little Mabel Fletcher. Queer taste—isn't it? After you, too. People seem to think they are secretly engaged. I don't believe it though, do you?

Diana (grandly)—I am sure Mr. Turner is at liberty to marry whom he chooses.

Edith—I know. But still——(a clock strikes). So late! (rises hurriedly). I had no idea of the time. No, I can't stay another minute. I must be home when the hair-dresser brings my wig.

Diana (wistfully)—You are going out again to-night?

Edith—Well—rather. Why, to-night is Miller's fancy dress ball. I have had six invitations to supper already, so it isn't likely that I am going to miss it. (Stopping at the door). Guess what I'm going as. Everybody is dying to know, but I haven't told a soul.

Diana—I can't guess. Tell me.

Edith—Ninon deL'Enclos! What do you say to that (with unconcealed delight)? Awfully *risque*, isn't it? And the best of it is that Jack thinks that I'm going as Priscilla. Isn't it rich?

Diana (with mirthless enthusiasm)—Delightful.

Edith (opening the door)—Now, I really must go. Mamma said that I had no right to come at all, but I was just determined to run over and wake you up a bit.

Diana—It was very kind, I am sure.

Edith—Not at all. Good-bye. Be sure and come to see me soon. (Walks down a step or two—pauses, then runs up again.) Di! (impulsively), if I tell you something, promise me that you'll never, never tell?

Diana—Yes, I promise.

Edith—Well, then—I'm engaged to Jack Colville, and he's the dearest fellow on earth—and, good-bye. (Runs down the steps and away, turning often and smiling beatifically.)

Diana—(Smiles and waves her hand in response; then re-entering the house she sinks into a chair and bursts into tears.)

* * * * * * *

(The Miller Fancy Dress ball. A conservatory. A solitary couple, hidden behind the foliage.)

Edith—No, Jack, I couldn't wait for you. I had been putting off that visit to Di's so long that I just made up my mind to go there to-day, no matter how much I would have

to give up. I'm glad I went, too. I think she was the better for my visit.

Jack (fervently)—Small doubt of that.

Edith—And Jack—I know that you'll be angry, but you see, she looked so pale and miserable that I couldn't resist cheering her up a bit, so I told her about our engagement. Was it very wrong?

Jack—Wrong? (kissing her rapturously). You sweet, unselfish girl?

A SOUL.

By

ELIZABETH GERBERDING.

Body, I grieve to see you so,
Almost regret I let you go;
Yet all your misery is done,
While mine—who knows—is just begun.
But we had borne to our full strength
Of agony, had known the length
Of human pain and human woe—
Then fell that final, fatal blow!
Despair, the tempter, planned the way,
In those calm depths you should obey.
I made you yield and still your arms,
I made you stifle your alarms,
And Death was easier for you
Than all the thousand deaths we knew
In life. O, it was bravely done,
My body! I, the coward, won.
Farewell, we had been comrades long--
Body, I meant to do no wrong!
It must be sweet to lie so still,
To find oblivion, until
Atom by atom, be resolved,
And will, and thought, and self absolved.
Farewell, I go to unknown fate,
The pang of parting comes too late.
Drawn by a power to realms above,
To judgment? Ah, but God is love!

A BULL FIGHT IN MEXICO.

By

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

It is eloquent of the moral status of a people to say that their national sport is bull-fighting. Probably a Mexican would say that it speaks volumes of the civilization of a nation to say that it encourages prize-fighting—and both statements would be true.

There is a growing sentiment among the better class of Mexicans against bull-fighting, and I was surprised to see how few of them attend. Nevertheless, the fights are still

gay and brilliant and interesting, though they no longer have the cachet of the best society. The peon still gives them the fealty of his heart. He loves a bull fight next to his church, and will actually work for a week to obtain the price of admission. And when a peon will work for a thing he is paying it his highest compliment.

Perhaps the underfed, undersized peon sees in the bull-fighter the courage that he lacks—that physical stamina and moral force which is not the most prominent characteristic of the Mexican character. At any rate, the matador

is a popular hero and idol. The stiff, straight-brimmed hat which he wears in the street is never seen except through a crowd of admiring followers. Nor is this loving worship mixed with contempt, as in the case of our worship of physical prowess in the ring. It is said that the rank and file of peons would gladly elevate their popular idol to the presidency did opportunity serve. In all the finest shops and wealthiest homes you will find photographs of pre-eminent fighters.

The bull-fighter is more of a man than the prize-fighter. He is often educated, always traveled. Mazzantini, the Spanish star fighter, is a graduate of a college at Rome, and an A. M. He is brave but not a bully, correct but not foppish, unspoiled by his professional success, and a modest, well-appearing man of good breeding and intelligence. He is very rich and very charitable, and when he left Mexico City a month ago, distinguished himself by large and generous gifts to all the charities and to the dependents of the hostleries where he had stayed. The successful bull-fighter is more like a great theatrical personage than a sporting man. He cannot dissipate, for his antagonist is not a man who may be purchased, but a bull, who is always doing his best.

The matador's face is strong and handsome, without being coarse, and he has a fine presence, with legs that would make an English butler weep with envy, his keen, dark eye penetrates men and motives, and his fine, quick muscles are forever on the alert.

And with this, you have said all the good things that may be said of the fighter, as in paying tribute to its color and sparkle and light you have told all the good that is found in the ring. The scene is inexpressibly brilliant, the Plaza de Toros gay with a color and vivacity that you will never forget. The bull-fighter is handsome; his Spanish clothes are rich in material and well cut. These things give you pleasure, but all the rest hurts your heart, for there is nothing of fair play in the Mexican bull-fight.

As a spectacle every American should see one. Even if you are tender-hearted, you can stay for one bull, as I did. It takes hardihood to see the second bull come in, and I cannot understand the American mind and heart which can go to a second fight. Usually, there are four or five acts in each fight—so many bulls to be disposed of, so many blindfolded horses to be mercilessly gored. The bull ring, with the smiling blue heavens overhead, and the brilliant Indians round about, is wet and trampled with blood—red as a field of battle, and all with the life-blood of animals unfairly slain, to glut the appetite of the multitude. As well might one go to a slaughter house to see animals knocked in the head and call it sport. A certain class of

mind, I presume, would take pleasure in seeing the superfluous dogs of the community drowned at the pound. Such a man should revel in bull fights.

But most of the Americans resident in Mexico are regular patrons of the sport. They say, by way of apology, that there is no other amusement, and they have grown to enjoy the excitement of the ring. A prominent man of Zacatecas took the long journey to Mexico City to see Mazzantini, the great Spanish bull-fighter, make his last appearance, and another American told me with enthusiasm of his presence at San Luis Potosi, where a man was almost fatally gored.

Except you see it with your own eyes, you can never know the beauty of the bull ring, before the dramatic entrance of the bull and his tragic exit, has forever crimsoned the memory of the scene. It was on a Sunday afternoon, at Aguas Calientes, that I saw my first bull-fight—and my last. There was some doubt on the train as to the propriety of going. Some of the Eastern people thought it was wrong to go on Sunday. After seeing the fight, I concluded it was wrong to go any day. But in the end curiosity triumphed and most of the party went. Sunday does not seem like Sunday in Mexico, anyway. It is the continental Sunday—a day of bathing, feasting, drinking, merry-making—the noisiest day of the week. There is church-going in the early morning, and devotions at intervals all day, but that is true of week days also, for Mexican religion is not confined to Sundays. The rest of Sunday is a holiday, and the bull-fight is the popular amusement for the afternoon.

The sky was so bright on January Sabbath that it hurt your eyes to look at it, and all roads led to Rome. You could not have missed your way to the bull-fight. The streams of the street all set that way, and one was borne along, like a leaf on the tide, by the gay and laughing crowd. Four o'clock was the hour set, and before six four fine bulls had drawn their last breath and six horses gone to another and, presumably, a kinder country. And the poor of Aguas Calientes, to whom the meat is distributed, were preparing for a feast.

You press through a dense throng at the gates of the ring—the moneyless peons who may not enter in. There are hundreds of these waiting Peris, who, lacking the price of admission, live on the pleasures of memory, and glut themselves with the shouts of the multitude inside. And they do shout! The animals, doomed to death, are strangely silent. The bull, even, is too awed by his strange surroundings to roar, but the crowd yells and shouts and bellows hoarsely, with a thirst for blood that is an Aztec as well as a Spanish legacy.

From the entrance you pass through a narrow aisle, a

quarter of the way around a huge circle, to the broad stairs that lead to the upper seats. On the way you generally come face to face with one of the stars of the day—a handsome fellow, swarthily brunette, but not yellow, clad in pink silk stockings, tight satin knee breeches embroidered with gold, a plush coat, a Spanish troubadour's crimson cape and a three-cornered black hat, caught up with pompoms and looking much like the Dutch bonnets American women wore a few seasons ago. Their hair is worn in little black kews, and if the fighter is disgraced, this appendage is cut off. If you saw Eugene Cowles as the bandit chief in "The Serenade," you have a good idea of the bull-fighter's tout ensemble.

Once up the stairs a brilliant spectacle flashes on you. The expensive seats are on the shady side of the ring. In the boxes are upper class Mexicans and their families, the women beaming and smiling and recognizing friends, as if at the opera. Dulce peddlers pass around, and in Mexico everybody nibbles sweets all the time. They are always eating.

But the charm of the scene lies across the untrodden ring in the brilliant, all-enveloping sunshine. There the mose indescribably gay gathering sweeps off in a great circle to left and right. Thousands of peons are jostling and squeezing and edging in on the elevated seats. They wear their brightest, cleanest clothes—the women in gaudiest calicos and rebosas, the men in white or light clothes, big glittering sombreros, heavy with silver and gold, on their heads, and brilliant zarapes, like gay blankets, folded and hanging over their shoulders. With the scorching sunlight enveloping them, they are a great blur of color, like a bed of gaudiest tulips, the gayest, prettiest assemblage American eyes ever saw.

There is always a band, sometimes a surprisingly good one, for the Mexicans play *con amore*. The monster ampitheatre, very like an American cyclorama building, only much larger and roofless, scarcely listens to the music, though ordinarily a band is a great attraction. But just now there is that in each breast which music cannot soothe. There is a fanfare of trumpets, a breathless moment of silence, then tremendous applause, and the company enters the ring. The matador, capeadores and banderilleros are on foot, the picadores on horseback, each one of them a glittering mass of embroidery as he emerges from the shadow of the seats into the brilliance of the sun. They salute the President's box—the presiding genius being usually an officer, governor or mayor—and the matador and capeadores toss away their satin capes. The low, strong door under the band stand is now the magnet which draws all eyes. From a darkened pen the fierce fellow bounds into the ring,

where a roar, to which his own voice is a light tenor, greets him. And the sound, as it beats in on your ears, makes you remember with a smile the imbecility of man when he speaks in lordly fashion of the "lower animals." As the bull passes under the rail, a steel barb, ornamented with the breeder's colors, is fastened in his shoulder.

Maddened as he is with pain, the bull is more frightened than angry. He gallops to the center of the ring and looks about with fear and astonishment. He calculates distances with his eye and usually makes a dash for liberty. Encircling the arena is a high fence, with a foot-rail about eighteen inches from the ground in the inside. When hard pressed the performers take this step and leap over the partition to an open space between audience and ring.

The bull was hard pressed. Though brave enough, he did not want to fight and he tried to scale the wall and escape from his circular prison. The brave spectators scampered before him and the bull fell back, death in his eyes. But he made a brave stand for it, and fought desperately, with terrific odds against him, until he was too weak to stand. And in this fight to the finish my sympathies were all with the bull.

I have never been specially attracted by the bovine family. In early infancy I was taken to drive in a low basket phaeton drawn behind an old yellow horse. I do not blame the cow at all for giving chase to such an outfit, but the fear engendered then has lasted me through life. But at this bull-fight, I fiercely hoped that the bull might triumph over his tormentors. He had been forced into a false position. The difficulty was none of his seeking. Everywhere he turned his fine, strong, glistening body, with the bloody shoulder, there was a maddening cloak blinding his eyes. Every time he left the wall the goad of the picador was pricking his hide. He turned and made playful passes at the horses, and they, as they felt his hot breath pass them, whinnied with fear that almost ended in a shriek, and tried to turn out of his way.

It is the fate of the horse that makes an American heart stand still. They are old, broken-down hacks, fed and fattened for the occasion, until they come in with a certain show of frolicsome friskiness. Their vulnerable breasts are partially protected by heavy leather breast plates, but their eyes are blind-folded and they do not have half a chance. It is the duty of the picadores who ride them to keep the bull stirred up, and it is impossible for the riders to always turn the horses out of the way of the bull's sudden rushes. There is a moment of dreadful suspense, when his majesty, the bull, stands with lowered head, pawing the dirt at the far side of the ring. He glances from under lowering brow; at one side that maddening, fluttering cloak of the an-

noying scarlet that beats on your brain and makes your head ache; at the other another cloak, equally carmine, equally maddening, and there in the centre a horse—after all, it is he who is the real tormentor! He will not run at that cloak; he will attend to the horse first. Just at this moment the picador urges the horse toward the uncertain bull, and the poor blindfolded animal comes down straight on his tormentor's horns. The bull lifts him once, but the leather plate keeps the horns from piercing the flesh. The next time he is not so fortunate. The bull thrusts angrily and there is a long, wild cry of pain. The picador is unseated and rolls in the dust, to pick himself up unhurt, while the matadors fling their cloaks and come into close quarters to divert the bull's attention from the unmounted man. The horse runs around the ring, the blood flowing down his legs. The peons go nearly mad with joy. It is such fun to see a blindfolded horse wounded and bleeding! Sombreros fall whirling into the ring, a sign of approval, and I am sorry to say that there were some American derbys among them. When the contest is not bloody enough to suit, or the matador is not sufficiently daring, orange peel tells the tale of dissatisfaction.

The wounded horse is taken from the ring, very weak now and scarcely able to walk, and is despatched with merciful swiftness. No bull-fight is considered a success where several horses are not killed. We were fortunate in that our horse was stabbed in the breast, and did not go about the ring dragging his entrails. The latter is not an extraordinary spectacle, I'm told.

The other horse was removed at a signal from the President, and it was time for the placing of the banderillas. This is the most difficult part of the performance—the greatest feat of daring. The matador is a graduated banderillero, a man who has passed the long and dangerous apprenticeship. The banderillas are sticks about two feet and a half long, with a very sharp, barbed point at one end. The entire length of the stick is covered with colored paper ribbons. The banderillero is the man who must plant these knives in the bull's shoulders. He stands in front of the animal, without flag or cloak, waiting the attack. The bull goes at him full speed. The banderillero jumps to one side gracefully, for he is lithe as a cat, and thrusts the banderillas in the bull's shoulders as he passes by. As soon as the bull can check his furious pace, he turns, only to find another banderillero with two more banderillas. These and two more are thrust into his shoulders, all hanging there. He flings his head and tries to rub them out against the fence, but the barbs are fast in the flesh and every moment must be agony.

Somehow there is not the slightest sympathy for the ban-

derillero, standing there alone, even though it is a contest between skill and brute strength. As at a prize-fight, these men have their choice, while the animals are forced to fight for their lives in the ring.

And so, though the banderillero is brave, your sympathies are, or should be, with the bull, if you are American and love fair play, and more especially a woman, and loathe cruelty.

And now it is time for the matador, the primer espada, to distinguish himself. His skillful killing of the bull with a single thrust of his sword is what distinguishes the brilliancy of the star and tells the artist from the bungler. The matador must face the bull, sword in hand, and wait the attack. It is assassination to strike while the bull is at rest, and calls for hisses and missiles from the audience. The blood red cloth, or muleta, is flaunted in front of the bull. The animal stands at bay, his fore feet braced, blood streaming from his wounded shoulders, and the cruel banderillas, with their mockingly-bright paper ribbons, waving like some novel bit of decoration, while the blood creeps down ever farther and farther, staining the brilliant ribbons. You can see the look of desperation and foreboding on the bull's face. There are actually anxious wrinkles between his eyes. He wonders why these strangely-dressed men should torture and dare him so. He hears the shouts of the multitude—the tantalizingly safe multitude sheltered behind its wooden barricade—he sees the red cloth and the man in the ring. He notices out of the tail of his eye that one of the cowards in the ring takes refuge over the fence, if his majesty, the bull, even looks that way. The crowd pelts the coward with banana peel, but he is looking out for himself and does not seem to care.

Then the bull solves a problem in his aching head. He thinks that if he could once pass that man with the red cloth, which makes his head hurt so, perhaps they would let him out to the place where he used to live, where the grass was sweet and long and the water cool, and where he could take the cruel hurt out of his hot shoulders. And then he dashes for the red blanket, close to his eyes, and makes his run for life—only to fall in death. It reminded me of a man, hemmed in by circumstances, making his last break for liberty. But the sword of the matador, like the hand of fate, interrupted. The sword was thrust between the animal's shoulders to the hilt and pierced the heart. The bull fell to his knees, slowly, slowly, and sank to the ground, the pleading and sorrow in his eyes something dreadful to behold. I think I shall always remember those eyes. They would haunt anyone who ever laid a cheek on the warm, silken head of any animal, or ever saw the pleading that lies in dumb eyes. First on one knee and then on the other, as though pleading for his life, and then the cach-

etero put the finishing dagger stroke between the horns, and the pleading eyes gazed. I was glad when the bull's magnificent strength had finally ebbed and he lay quite still and out of his misery.

Then came the last act of the bloody melodrama. All this time the air had been filled with applause. Men and women acted as though something brave and good had actually happened. The band played, the matador bowed his acknowledgements, and his assistants drew out the banderillas from the bull's neck. An American girl, pretty and refined and dainty, asked for one and accepted it, and carried the bloody thing off in triumph. I have no doubt that it now adorns some boudoir of palest blue. This episode did not please some of the Mexicans at all, for they protested loudly against the giving away of the banderilla and shouted "Down with the Americans."

The band played, the gates were thrown open, and three gaudily decorated mules, harnessed abreast, were driven in. Their fright at sight of the dead bull was pitiful and comical. The bull, terrible to them even in cold death, frightened them almost out of their simple wits. They became unmanageable, capered wildly about the ring dragging infinitesimal Mexicans in mammoth sombreros, after them. It was fully ten minutes before the mules could be brought anywhere near the bull, now lying prone and stark. Finally a rope was thrown over his feet and he was dragged out, his poor head trailing in the dust, his silky hide flecked with blood and foam and dirt—the animal that had glowed so with life a half hour before.

The wait between the acts was not more than a minute—the gate opened again and another bull dashed in. I left at the same time. Once, for experience, is all very well, but nothing on earth would tempt me to it a second time. But the Mexicans welcomed the bull. With them it was—the king is dead, long live the king.

I have always tried to maintain the proper charity for the tastes of others. I have tried to believe that no national custom was without its reason, and that usually a national religion fitted its people better than any other. I have had conscientious scruples against imposing a new set of opinions or creeds upon a foreign people. But there is one thing I would like to see done—one foreign mission to which I would cheerfully subscribe. I should like to see a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals established in every hamlet in Mexico. I would like to see the Mexican people taught what it is to love an animal as though it were a member of the family. I would like to have them told of the old man who starved himself to death that his dear old donkey might have food. A man who would kick a horse would be guilty of any crime, and as for poisoning a dog—it is murder, and not of the second degree.

EASTER-EVEN.

By

CLARENCE URMY.

Sun slow-sinking to its slumber
In a topaz-tinted sea,
Winds that waft their goodnight kisses
Through the groves of olive tree—
In a far-off grave-set garden
Death keeps watch with mystery.

Purple light upon the hill slopes,
Dreamland drawn by zephers sweet,
Dew of poppies on their pillows,
Song of sea-waves at their feet—
In a sepulcher, stone guarded,
Grief bedews a winding sheet.

Stars that lean from azure lattice
Of the rapt, expectant skies,
Eager for the dawn, yet ever
Watching earth with sleepless eyes,
Here where we and there where Mary
Wait for One so soon to rise!

ENFOLDIGS.

By MARY MAPES DODGE.

The snow-flake that softly, all night, is whitening tree top and pathway;
The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness and death to the hamlet.

The ray stealing in through the lattice to waken the day-loving baby;
The pitiless horror of light in the sun-smitten reach of the desert.

The seed with its pregnant surprise of welcome young leaflet and blossom;
The despair of the wilderness tangle, and treacherous thicket of forest.

The happy west wind as it startles some noon-laden flower from its dreaming;
The hurricane crashing its way through the homes and the life of the valley.

The play of the jetlets of flame when the children laugh out on the hearth-stone;
The town or the prairie consumed in a terrible, hissing combustion.

The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriads sparkle in breaking;
The roar and the fury of ocean, a limitless maelstrom of ruin.

The leaping of heart unto heart with bliss that can never be spoken;
The passion that maddens and blights, defying God's sorrow within us.

For this do I tremble and start when the rose on the vine taps my shoulder,
For this, when the storm beats me down, my soul groweth bolder and bolder.

A GHOSTLY BENEDICTION,

By

MARY BELL.

My grandfather was a very peculiar and most interesting man. He had been a surgeon in the French army under Napoleon, and after the Battle of Waterloo escaped with several companions to America. He married my grandmother in New Jersey, and after a certain length of time they came to California, built the old broad-galleried house in which most of their grandchildren were born, and there my brother and I grew up, with horses and dogs for our play-fellows, and the beautiful valley for our play-ground.

From my babyhood I think I was destined to be a surgeon. One of my first recollections is of my grandfather calling me from my brother, who was helping me to build a dirt fort in the yard, and taking me into his private study. Here he spent most of his days alone, reading the valuable French medical works he had rescued from the wreck of the Revolution. It was a sunshiny, pleasant room, the walls severely lined with book-shelves, the deep arm-chairs covered with rich brown leather. There were many medical journals upon the table, and my grandfather's writing-desk seemed full of closely written manuscript. He had never practiced medicine in America, but his name was widely known all over the scientific world as an investigator of curious medical problems.

I did not know this on the day he closed the door upon me in his study, or I should have been more awe-struck than I was. He showed me many little bottles filled with pills and powders, which he allowed me to shake and han-

dle. He took down book after book, and revealed to me strange pictures which he did not explain, but probably a fancy for inductive education had taken hold of him. He opened cases and showed me rows of glittering surgical instruments. Then I was allowed to handle a few bones, to touch a mysterious skull, and at last he went to a closet door.

I should have been prepared for the revelation, for my grandfather's voice had grown gentler as he showed me the more terrible implements of his profession, and I had drawn nearer and nearer him with confidence and interest; but when he opened the door, and I saw a grinning skeleton dangling there I screamed and rushed from the room. I came back the next day, nerved to the highest point, and humbly asked to see the "bone-man." My grandfather smiled kindly, and taking me by the hand, opened the door. It was a very large closet, witih a colored glass window high upon the wall. The strange squares of color moved brightly and slowly over the bare surfaces of the room, across a narrow white couch, and broke fantastically through the ribs of the skeleton. My first frightened glance was at the couch.

"Who sleeps there, grandfather?" I asked, "The bone-man?"

"No, my child, thy grandfather."

"You, grandfather—alone—at night—with the bone-man hanging there?" I gazed at him in awe.

"Yes, my child; the couch is rather too narrow for a bed-fellow." He patted my head with one hand, as he reached for the long fingers of the skeleton with the other. When he touched it, the weird rattling of bones was heard, mingled with another peculiar sound.

"Don't be frightened, Alexander," he said, pressing me to his side.

I could not control my terror, though, when from the tightly closed teeth of the skeleton a thin purple cloud floated, and I heard a weird voice, like a wind-whisper, say:

"Fear not, my child. It is thy grandfather's closest friend you see—Henri, Marquis de Vallon."

My grandfather pressed the ghostly hand affectionately against his breast, then let it fall, and closed the door upon his uncanny bed-chamber. He took me in his arms and sat with me in the sunny bay-window until I ceased to tremble, and then he began to tell me tales of the French Revolution—of the heroes whose courageous death he had witnessed, of the fearful slaughter in battle, of the interesting wounds he had dressed, of the strange mental diseases brought about from head wounds; and then he mentioned the Marquis de Vallon.

"And isn't he dead, grandfather?" I asked. "Do we just

look through his skin and see the bones? Why does he talk when he hasn't any tongue?" I whispered the questions in his ear, for fear the Marquis would hear and think me impolite.

"You shall judge for yourself, Alexander," he answered; and then I listened to this story of the skeleton in the closet.

The Marquis de Vallon was my grandfather's bosom friend. They had entered the army of Napoleon together—one as officer, the other as surgeon. All those wonderful times they were inseparable, and the defeat at Waterloo found them alike friendless—fortuneless—fleeing from the wreck of the empire, to seek new estates in America. The Marquis had been wounded in the head at Waterloo, and the surgeon, my grandfather, saw there was every possibility of some mental disaster following the severe headaches that his friend constantly suffered from. The Marquis refused to speak on any but political subjects. His remarks at last grew to be prophetic exclamations.

"Napoleon will be banished!" he once called forth loudly in the night.

"Vive la Republique!" he exclaimed suddenly one day, starting from a reverie.

My grandfather, who had contrived to obtain possession of part of his library, studied anxiously the volumes on mental diseases. Every possible care was taken to divert the thoughts of the young officer, but to no purpose. He understood that his statements were regarded as hallucinations of an unsound mind.

"Ah, my dear friend, you are trying to save me. Do not be troubled. I should be content to die, for the empire is no more—Napoleon's military sun has set; and yet," he exclaimed, "it is best. Vive la Republique!"

The health of the Marquis was rapidly failing, though the severe headaches decreased in number. His devotion to my grandfather became most child-like and beautiful. He wished to be constantly near him. He would reach for his hand in his moments of profoundest reverie, and caress it lovingly. On one of those rare occasions when he spoke of himself, he said:

"Louis, the day of my death approaches. Promise me this one thing—that I shall not be buried at sea. If there is no other way in which you can save me from it, you must conceal my death. You will find means in your medical books to protect yourself from any great danger by my lying here in your stateroom, a corpse; but promise to save me from burial at sea."

My grandfather promised him.

"Thy reward will come, Louis, for thy devotion to thy friend. Prosperity will come to thee in the new world;

knowledge will come to thee; and thy children and thy children's children shall reap from the harvest of distinction and honor."

My grandfather felt, of course, that these prophecies ranked with the others that had been made.

"Louis," the Marquis said again, "the house of Vallon will be restored, and my bones will one day be laid in the family tomb—but do not part with them until you die. One of my house will seek us then, and we shall be laid together beneath the skies of France."

Then he became silent. Suddenly my grandfather realized the hand in his own was growing cold. He turned to look—and, behold!—the Marquis de Vallon had gently leaned his head back upon the cushions of his chair, and was dead.

My grandfather, true to his word, concealed the death of the Marquis from every soul on board. He found a means of preserving the body without calling for assistance, and then kept watch over his dead friend. Sleeping within the tiny stateroom, having most of his meals served there, thrusting from him all feelings of horror at the constant presence of a corpse, he revealed that steadfastness of purpose that has become the marked characteristic of our family. It was during one of these awesome, grewsome nightwatches, he first saw the purple vapor issuing from the lips of the dead.

"Louis," he heard whispered through the room, "now I understand your love for me. I, too, am faithful. As you refuse to leave companionless my body, my soul seeks still the companionship of yours."

Then, hour after hour they would talk together of mysteries of which my grandfather knew I could not conceive; but, from the first hour the spirit of the Marquis began to commune with him, a new sphere of mental truth was laid open. As much as the present is ripe for, he has since revealed, and his manuscripts, which are part of his legacy to me, suggest many marvelous things which I hope in time to lay before the world of science.

Thus it came to pass, after many days, the skeleton of the Marquis was hung in the closet in this far-away western world, and there I first heard the weird voice of my grandfather's life-long friend.

* * * * * *

It was during the last vacation before my graduation from the medical college, that the Marquis made his most violent demonstration of emotion in my hearing. I will tell you of it—not because I think you will be interested in my part of the story—but because it bears a significant relation to the end of the skeleton's life in our house.

My mother had arranged a house-party for the last

of the summer, and we were having a most pleasant time. There were two of my fraternity men, two pretty little girls, between whom my brother's heart was divided, and Miss Merle Gilmore. One or the other of those Alpha fellows was always off hunting, but the rest of us took long walks and drives in the great drag, and tried our best to cling to the beautiful days. But they slipped from us like sunlight.

We used to read together out under the great oaks. Her voice was so musical and sweet that it added a strange charm to the simple little romances she selected—and it all fitted in with the stillness and mute poetry of things about us. Of course this was when the rest were walking another way, and Miss Gilmore and I had a chance to get better acquainted. I had known her for a long time, but until those two weeks, I had no idea of her womanly strength and dignity.

It was the last of the days in the valley. It brought with it a cold breeze heralding the approach of autumn. I had expected the outside world to be very sympathetic on that day, and had dreamed of a long walk with Miss Gilmore along the bank of the stream. There was a little spot—fresh with the odor of ferns, deep with the shadow of trees—where we used to sit sometimes—but we scarcely ever exchanged more than a few, low sentences there. It was so beautiful that a strange solemnity came over us—as if we were in church, and in the presence of the most divine thought and feeling. I had hoped we would go to that little chapel of nature the last day, so I could tell her something I had been hungering for her to know—and this is what happened instead.

There were several people in the parlor, drumming on the piano and talking; my father was reading in the dining-room, Hubert and the prettiest of the girls in the hall, and no place for Merle and me to be alone. Wandering restlessly about, I saw my grandfather leave his study and go upstairs. He was seeking the observatory with his spy-glass, and would be gone a long time. I sought Miss Gilmore.

"You've been here two weeks," I said to her rather eagerly, "and you've never been in my grandfather's study. Would you not like to see his books?"

She said "yes" rather doubtfully, for my mysterious grandfather had only been heard of—not seen since she had been there. The poor old gentleman was not well. I told her he was upstairs, and she consented to visit the room. We both of us examined the books indifferently for a few minutes, and then sought the bright bay-window, and watched the trees fighting the unwelcome wind.

"I wish we could have gone for one more walk to-day," I said, at last. She looked a swift assent.

"Have you really enjoyed your visit?" I asked, longing for her to say something kind.

"You know that I have," she said earnestly.

And then she looked so sweet and fair that I could not help it—I bent down and kissed the white hand that rested on the back of one of my grandfather's great leather chairs.

She trembled a little, but did not draw it away. I took it in mine at last, and then she slowly lifted her eyes and looked at me. And do you know, although I'd read of the way thousands of men proposed, and thought I knew the proper thing to say on such an occasion, I could not find a single word in which to express my feeling. However, I wonder if deep feeling needs any expression in words—or has any—for Merle understood.

While we were gazing at each other in perfect silence, suddenly there came from the closet door behind us the wild rattling of bones.

Merle's expression changed to one of fear. Her clasp tightened in my hand.

The noise became louder and louder, with a sort of rhythmical sound. The idea that the skeleton was dancing flashed into my mind. I trembled myself as I held Merle nearer me. Then came the weird wind-voice through the door:

"Vive l'amour, vive l'amour!" Merle was attempting to struggle from me. Above my dismay at the skeleton's antics, came the greater fear of losing my new-found happiness.

"Merle—Merle," I burst forth "do you love me?"

"Yes, yes," she cried, "but let's go!"

Her answer came mingled with the rhythm of the grewsome dance.

"Vive l'amour, vive l'amour!" the song came in muffled gaiety from the closet.

She broke from me and was gone. I turned fiercely to demand an explanation from the skeleton.

"Alexander!" My grandfather's hand was laid upon my shoulder. "Alexander, the Marquis was a great courtier and beau in the days of the empire. He recalls the time when *his* heart was young and *he* loved a maid."

And then, like Hamlet with the hollow voice of his father's ghost in his ears, I burst into wild laughter.

"Rattle on, old bones," I shouted. "It makes the heart of my grandad young again to hear a dead man cry 'Vive l'amour!' Go it, bones!" And then I followed Merle.

We returned to the city next day.

I could see from this time on, that Merle feared I might or had, inherited from my grandfather certain peculiarities, and she was constantly testing me to see if I were superstitious or inclined to ventriloquism, or given to severe joking,

at a time when I should feel most deeply and profoundly. She had always known me as very serious, and she found me earnest in my affection for her, though she tested me strangely sometimes.

I seldom accepted invitations to the numerous social functions that year, for the simple reason that I could not hope to gain the first place in my class and go to some cotillion or reception every night in the week, and Merle, appreciating my ambition, made very few demands on my time. But one night she insisted on my going to the Nelson's with her, for Miss Nelson, her dearest friend, had returned from Europe engaged to a titled foreigner, who was to be introduced at this time.

"Grace is so puffed up and proud of her conquest," she said in one of her little womanish moods, "I am really mortified for her. Now *I* have a perfect right to be proud of my fiance, because he is noble in every respect. He's great, and strong, and good; but Grace's foreigner—well, just wait until you see him."

The night of the reception I did my best to appear well, for Merle's sake. I must have succeeded in her estimation, for though she tried very hard not to, her eyes often sought me with that pleased, triumphant look I love so well. It makes me humble, but still I wish her to believe me an exceptional man, for it forces me to live nearer her ideal.

At last Miss Nelson and I had the opportunity for a little chat, and she did me the honor to ask me to the conservatory. She was very bright and entertaining, and we were having a most pleasant time, when another couple entered the room. My back was turned toward them, but I heard them approaching.

"Mr. Leroy," Miss Nelson said, leaving a story she was telling me unfinished, "let me introduce you to the Marquis de Vallon."

At that name I turned suddenly.

"Great Scott! My grandfather's skeleton!" I exclaimed. Miss Nelson turned upon me angrily; the Marquis drew himself up until he appeared as slim as his boneship in the closet. Merle's lovely face wore a hopeless expression, confirmed in her belief that there was insanity in our family, while I searched for words in which to explain myself.

"Pardon my surprise, Monsieur le Marquis," I said humbly. "I believe you are the grand-nephew of my grandfather's closest friend."

"May I ask," said the Marquis stiffly, "what your apology has to do with the greeting you gave me? Do I bear a resemblance to your grandfather's skeleton?"

"You do not understand," I hastened to say; "I was merely associating your name with the name of your grand-uncle, who is the constant companion of my grandfather."

"You try to make me believe my grand-uncle is living

here in obscurity, when my titles and estates should belong to him in France?" The question was asked scornfully.

"He is not alive," I said.

"Dead! and the constant companion of your grandfather?" The Marquis had the right to appear incredulous.

"His skeleton has hung in my grandfather's closet for many years, and, most remarkable, it has the power of communicating thought in a ghostly sort of voice."

The Marquis greeted my remarks with a quick, short laugh.

"California is a remarkable place," he said. "I should not be surprised to find a skeleton in many closets here."

"Of course you are incredulous, but Miss Gilmore will assure you there is truth in my story. At any rate, my grandfather will be more than delighted to see you in the valley; and if you will accept my most cordial invitation and spend a few days with us, you shall see the skeleton, hear the story, and receive the papers and other effects that belonged to the Marquis."

The invitation was accepted without hesitation. Miss Nelson and Merle were persuaded to join us, and a few days after my mother received us at the dear old home.

After luncheon we planned to call on my grandfather.

"Think of being in a real ghost story!" said Miss Nelson, shivering a little. "It makes me cold. We should go at midnight, in order to receive the proper dramatic shock."

"My grandfather retires about nine o'clock," I answered, "so we can't arrange it. But I assure you, you will find it uncanny enough when the skeleton speaks."

I knocked at the door. There was no answer. Taking the privilege I alone had received since my childhood, I opened the door, expecting to find my grandfather napping in the great arm-chair. He was not there.

The windows were all letting in the bright sunshine. In spite of the air and light, we stepped softly into the room.

"My grandfather is probably in the observatory," I said; "at any rate, Marquis, you can receive greeting from your interesting ancestor."

I went to the closet door—opened it—and lo! Great volumes of soft purple vapor floated into the room. Weird mystic sounds swept through the air. We were in the presence of some great mystery. I knew that Merle was trembling in my arms, as we stood wrapped about by the clouds of incense.

We distinguished words at last—the wind-voice of the skeleton:

"Henri—Marquis de Vallon—adieu!"

Then in deeper tones:

"Alexander Leroy—adieu!"

And then came to us as a sort of benediction:

"Vive l'amour!"

We looked up, and then at each other, then back at the window again. From it floated two shades of violet vapor. The sunshine played upon it, the wind toyed with it, yet it swept onward to the crown of majectic Mount Tamalpais. From there it floated upward, diminishing in size, losing its color, until the blue closed around it. The souls of my grandfather and the Marquis had gone to join the hosts that crossed the river of Death on the day of the Battle of Waterloo.

Bakers Beach, San Francisco. Photo by Maurer.

WHITTIER.

1892-1898.

Beneath the still palms, in smile of God,
How seems it in that far and celestial way?
Not strange to him, who, while the earth he trod,
Walked in the light and smile of God alway.

—Ina Coolbrith.

* "THE OAKS," From a Painting by Wm. Keith.

* By Error— this title appears under the Engraving on page 12, which should be in the "Mountains above Coffee Creek, Trinity Co., Cal."

THE PACIFIC OCEAN IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By

ELI T. SHEPPARD.

Prince Henry of Orleans, after two years spent studying the conditions of the Orient, says: "It is in Eastern Asia, after all, that the commercial activities of the world will finally center. It is here that great empires will be founded and will increase, and the nation that succeeds best in shaping the new conditions in the Far East will be the nation of the future that will speak in dominating accents to the world."

The new conditions to which he refers are the redistribution in the balance of power caused by the Japanese war; the rapid advances of Russia toward the Pacific; the opening up of China, and the possible dissolution and downfall of that ancient empire.

It was not until some months after hostilities had ceased that the real significance of the war between China and Japan became fully apparent. It brought into play so many new forces and factors, which might otherwise have lain dormant for an indefinite period, that its results have been a double surprise to the world.

It is now known that the war was precipitated by Japan for the purpose of forestalling the designs of Russia in Manchuria and Korea, and that, while Japan was completely triumphant over China, the substantial spoils of victory fell at last to Russia.

But the overshadowing result of the war, to the world at large, was that China was thrust into a position toward foreign nations entirely different from anything in her former history; that is to say, by reason of the shifting of the balance of political power in eastern Asia, China has been hemmed in and hedged about by external forces of such potency that, willing or unwilling, she is compelled by her own self-interest, and in sheer self-defense, to adopt Western ideas and methods in the development of her natural resources.

It has resulted in bringing China, in respect to the foreign world, into a position somewhat analagous to that in which Japan found herself when Commodore Perry dragged her into the family of nations—so completely within the influence of Western civilization that she will be either galvanized into new life, or fall to pieces, to rise no more among the nations.

There is a divergence of opinion amongst those best informed on the subject, which of these events is most likely to happen; but all are agreed that one or the other of them will be among the first, and possibly the most momentous, events of the immediate future.

Potentially, China is by far the greatest reservoir of productive power in the world. Her wealth does not consist in doubtful sources of production, but of immense areas of fertile lands, suited to every form of agricultural employment; of known mineral resources of the most sterling and invaluable character, and of inexhaustible extent, and, above all, of millions of willing, capable, and industrious people.

But beyond all her natural productions, without which the abundant riches of her soil would be useless, China possesses a matchless treasure in the industrious habits and character of her population. It requires no gift of prophecy to foresee that, with the richness and variety of her soil, the vast extent of her territory, and the prodigious industry of her people, China only needs the application of Western scientific methods to produce all the objects of modern consumption in a quantity and at a price that will greatly modify, if it does not entirely revolutionize, the trade and industries of the world.

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of China politically, there is scarcely room for doubt that she is on the threshold of great industrial and commercial changes. Her situation with regard to the outside world has been radically changed by recent events. Heretofore, the most serious obstacle in the way of industrial development in China lay in the fact of her isolation, her imperfect means of transportation, and her unwillingness to adopt modern methods and appliances.

She has wanted little or nothing of the West; she had no national debt to speak of, and was so completely surrounded by a bulwark of dependent buffer states that she had nothing to fear from outside nations. In fact, no nation of any power or consequence was near enough to her to excite her apprehension or fears.

But now all of these conditions are reversed. On her long line of ocean front she is menaced, not only by Japan, but by all the great maritime powers of the world; on her western and northern borders, by the silent, ominous approaches of Russia, and on the south she sees England and France in possession of her Indian provinces, Anan, Tonkin, and Burmah. Added to this, the burden of a heavy mortgage on her maritime customs receipts in the hands of foreign creditors, China finds herself, for the first time in her history, completely within the grasp of the outside world. And she is just as powerless to resist its pres-

sure and onward progress as she is to arrest the downward torrent of the Yellow river or the Yang-tse-Kiang.

By the terms of the treaty of Simonaseki, five additional ports were thrown open to trade; but the most important concession—granted by China for the first time—relates to the privilege of introducing foreign capital and foreign machinery for manufacturing purposes. This has been the means of starting the Chinese in the direction of industrial and manufacturing development to an extent altogether surprising. At Shanghai, Hankow, and Woo-Chang-Foo, the three great commercial marts of the Yang-tse-Kiang, Chinese capitalists have already in operation iron foundries, weaving factories, and cotton-spinning mills, with all the latest improvements of European machinery, and some of them of immense capacity.

The Chinese Government is now seeking a loan of $80,000,000, to be employed in constructing a trunk line of railway from Tientsin to Hankow, a distance of 750 miles, through the most fertile and populous provinces of the empire. The details of this great enterprise have not been made public, but it can scarcely be doubted that it is designed to finally connect with similar lines which the British Government and the French Government are seeking to push from the northern borders of British Burmah, and from Tonkin, to the head of navigation on the Yang-tse-Kiang.

But of all the agencies at work in eastern Asia, the trans-Siberian railway is by far the most potent and significant.

To any one at all familiar with the subject, it is apparent that this colossal enterprise, in connection with the trans-Caspian road, which is already approaching the western borders of China, is the inauguration of a vast and comprehensive system of military and commercial railways designed to consolidate and extend the commercial and political power of Russia throughout the whole of Central and Eastern Asia. Not only so, but to ultimately bring the whole of China proper within the immediate sphere of Russian influence.

For clearness and comprehensiveness of design, for scope and magnitude of purpose, and for the splendor of its possibilities, this design of Russian expansion has no parallel in history.

To understand its full significance and measure its potentialities, a brief historical allusion becomes necessary.

"From the earliest times," says a recent oriental writer, "the vast expanse of territory lying between the borders of China proper and Russian Siberia has been occupied by the Mongolian Tartars. Six centuries ago, by some common impulse, the Tartar races swept westward into Europe, overrunning the Slavonic tribes of the Caucasus, and almost

destroying the Muscovite or Russian civilization. By a strange turn in the historic balance, a returning tribe of the Slavonic race in this century threatens the downfall and absorption of Tartar dominion and civilization. The returning tribe of Tartars after the conquest of China carried with it large accessions of the Slavonic race from the Russian Caucasus, and ever since then a widespread process of race fusion has been going on among all the Tartar tribes. It is a noteworthy fact that this intercrossing between the Russian Slavs and the pure Asiatic races seems to have worked no deterioration in either race. On the contrary, the mixture has been particularly happy. This is directly the reverse of the well-known results of the intercrossing of the Anglo-Saxon with the oriental races, which invariably causes certain, disastrous and rapid deterioration. It is this marvelous power of the Slavonic people for assimilating the oriental races which constitutes the main element of Russian strength in Asia, considered not only as a Government, but as a living national force."

"The truth is the Eastern Russians are both European and Asiatic; they are a mixture of the Slavonic and the Tartar. Leaving out the Caucasus, Russia may be likened to a vast conglomeration of races in which an endless fusion has been going on ever since the Tartar invasion, or before, and all gravitating toward one composite or general type. With the exception of China proper and Korea, Eastern Asia is a great mixture of Slavonian-Mongolian stock, gradually melting into an apparently homogeneous unit, and possessing a common race consciousness."

It was the recognition of this fact which impelled Prince Gortschakoff to declare that, "not only policy, ambition, and history, but nature herself seems to have imposed upon Russia the task of unifying, consolidating, and civilizing the people of Central and Eastern Asia."

Viewed in this light, the industrial and commercial significance of the trans-Siberian railway, and the magnificent system which it is intended to embrace, can hardly be overestimated.

No one familiar with the subject doubts that it means the eventual occupation and absorption by Russia of Manchuria, Korea, and all the dependencies of China north and east of the Great Wall.

The details of the Cassini treaty disclose the astonishing fact that Russia has obtained the consent of China to construct a branch line, in connection with the trans-Siberian road, across Manchuria, from Kiachta to the Soongari and Usuri, and terminating at some port in the Gulf of Laou Tung. Its peculiar significance lies in the fact that it gives Russia permission to safeguard the Manchuria division by a military force sufficient to guarantee its future safety.

This treaty is a blow at Japan, and it is now known that the war between China and Japan was precipitated by overtures from Russia looking to such an arrangement with China in 1894.

Nobody knows definitely what consideration China is to receive from Russia for this valuable concession, but it is believed that she has, in some manner, bound herself by a defensive alliance to defend China against Japan in case of future war between the two countries.

The Cassini treaty recalls the fact that in 1860, while the allied armies of England and France were holding Pekin, General Vlangalli, the Russian Minister, obtained from China, as the price of the Czar's proffered friendship, the cession of the territory lying between the Amoor and the Usuri; and thus Russia obtained the formidable position which she now occupies on the Pacific, on which she has since constructed the impregnable naval citadel of Vladivostock.

The immediate effect of the Cassini treaty has been to completely checkmate Japan in her scheme of Corean colonization, and has practically forced her to abandon her foothold on the continent of Asia; in fact, to despoil her altogether of the cherished fruits of her brilliant victory, while Russia, her most dreaded and powerful rival, has quietly secured by diplomatic craft all the substantial benefits of the war.

The fatal mistake which Japan made, knowing that she was striking a blow at Russia, was in not enlisting in advance the sympathy or the active support of Russia's commercial rival, Great Britain, which she might have done but for her own overweening confidence.

The event has a striking parallel in the outcome of the war between Russia and Turkey in 1867, when Russia, after wrenching the Balkan provinces from Turkey, was forced a few months afterward, through the diplomacy of Lord Beaconsfield at the Congress of Berlin, to relinquish all she had gained by the treaty of San Stevano, while her great rival, England, complacently took to herself the island of Cyprus.

In nine months after the close of the Japanese war, an armed force of Russian mariners landed in Corea, seized the royal family, and since that time there has been practically a Russian protectorate over the kingdom. A few days later the Russian ambassador at Tokio officially notified the Japanese Government "that Russia could not view with indifference the interference of any foreign power in the domestic affairs of Corea." Since that event, Russia has thrown forward into the Usuri section of the trans-Siberian railway a force of from 60,000 to 100,000 armed Cossacks, and it is no longer an open question that she holds the military key to Manchuria, the Gulf of Laou Tung, and the Corean peninsula.

And here, again, the character of the population is a most important element in the situation.

The Manchurians, like the Japanese, who are their descendants, possess in an eminent degree the qualities of manhood; endowed beyond all other Asiatics with a highly developed physique, they are also loyal, intelligent, and courageous. Full of enterprise and daring, they only need the discipline of orderly government to become good citizens as well as good soldiers. They are the very stuff that armies should be made of, and in the hands of an organized military power like Russia, properly drilled, disciplined and led by competent officers, they will render the Russian possessions on the Pacific unassailable. Wielding such a military force as Russia will be able to construct from such men, and within easy striking distance of Peking, it is mathematically certain that Russia will ultimately dominate, if she does not completely overthrow, the vast Chinese Empire.

Not only so, but it is equally apparent that Japan herself is placed at a terrible disadvantage. With Russia silently standing over her with an impregnable naval stronghold at Vladivostock, backed by a fertile and populous country, with an indigenous force of the best fighting material in Asia, controlled by a power pre-eminently gifted with a faculty for enlisting the sympathy of the native races, Japan may well view with alarm the encroachments of her great Muscovite rival in Asia.

The trans-Caspian railway, which is a part of the trans-Siberian system, begins at Moscow, sweeps southward to the Caspian Sea, and thence eastward to Samarcand, on the borders of Kashgar. It is destined to push this road through the valleys of the Pamir, and thence across the Desert of Gobi—the land of grass—into western China.

The great mountain passes by which this system of roads enters Central Asia are aptly termed the "Gateway of Nations." It is through them that the armies of Genghis Khan swept westward toward Europe in the twelfth century, and through them that a returning tide of Slavonic peoples has been moving eastward into Asia ever since. It is estimated that 100,000 Russian peasants passed through this gateway last year on their way to the fertile lands of Siberia.

"The world which Russia is about to open up," says Professor Douglas, "affords a greater scope for the Slavonic races to-day than did North America to the Anglo-Saxon race a century ago. America was developed from Europe alone, while the surplus labor, skill, and capital of both Europe and Asia will pour into this great Asiatic wilderness.

"As a European-Asiatic empire, Russia is the natural heir to Mongolia, Manchuria and Corea, and in all human probability, before the middle of the twentieth century, all of this vast territory will be detached from China, either spontaneously or by violence."

The position which Japan will occupy in future as a maritime power on the Pacific, and the influence which that race will finally exert upon its varied commercial activities, are problems that remain to be solved.

From what has been said, it is clear that Japan has not yet reached the goal of her ambition to become the dominating power in the Far East. Undoubtedly a nation with such spirit and enterprise must be reckoned with in the future; at the same time, I am inclined to think that the world at large has given Japan rather more credit as a balance of power, and as a future industrial and commercial force, than she is entitled to receive. Her rapid rise from the position of an isolated oriental nation to that of an aggressive military and manufacturing power, and the splendid achievements of her arms in the war with China, was a spectacle well calculated to captivate the imagination and enlist the sympathy of the world, but it has been equally well calculated to give, and has, I think, given an exaggerated notion of her present political and industrial possibilities. In the extent of her possessions, compared with European countries, Japan ranks next to Spain. She is larger than Great Britain and Ireland. In population she ranks fifth among the powers of the world. She has 7,000,000 more population than Great Britain, 6,000,000 more than France, and within 4,000,000 of that of the German empire. But, in respect of her natural resources and national revenues, Japan is a comparatively poor country, her revenues and productive power being only one-tenth that of Great Britain.

The Japanese believe, or profess to believe, that their future is to be an industrial one, and there are many reasons for believing that they may be right in this. With their splendid geographical position, between Asia and America, yet detached from both; with their known aptitude for ship-building and sailoring; with their instinct for manufacture; with their genius for art industries, and their marvelous cleverness at adopting and assimilating the inventions and methods of the West, there is no reason why a fair portion of the trade and commerce of the Pacific should not pass into their hands. They think it will, and they are striving that it shall, but the historically dominant instincts of the race will constantly lure them from the sober pursuits of peaceful commerce to the arts of war.

It does not follow by any means, because they have been victorious over China, that the Japanese would be able to

hold their own with any first class European foe, especially a great power like Russia, with whom they are almost certain to come in contact after a very few years. Japan is, however, arming so rapidly that in a few years she will have increased her army to twelve divisions, exclusive of the Imperial Guard, while her ironclads and cruisers are being built in nearly every shipyard in the world.

I have already alluded to the marvelous commercial and industrial expansions of the Australian Colonies. It only remains to speak briefly of the present importance and future interests and influence of the Pacific nations of North and South America. Without entering into any details, it is worthy of note that these nations collectively, occupy an unbroken front on the Pacific Ocean of over 9,000 miles, and are in possession of immense areas of undeveloped or partially developed agricultural and mineral lands, of which the world at large is in almost complete ignorance.

The Pacific States and Territories of the United States alone, are vastly larger in area, more varied and infinitely richer in their natural productions, and capable of supporting a greater population, than the whole of the German empire.

No one questions the fact that the United States at present is, and for all time to come will probably continue to be, the dominating power of the two great continents of the western world, and there is no reason why it should not become the commercial and maritime power of the Pacific.

Looking at the situation to-day and considering the inevitable growth and development of the nations fronting on the Pacific Ocean, two broad conclusions seem to be irresistible: First, that in the immediate future their industrial and commercial activities will probably equal, if they do not surpass, those of the rest of the world; and second, that the future struggle for maritime and commercial supremacy on this great theatre of human activities will lie between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slavonic-Asiatic races.

The question of supreme importance to the people of the United States is, the position which they are to occupy and the portion which they are to possess in this the richest, the most splendid and the last great heritage of the world.

So pass our lives, what name or fame we make,
Like to the foam-wraith in our vanishing wake:
Yet are we not dismayed, for still are we
Intergral parts o' the everlasting sea.

—Charles Warren Stoddard.

AN AMULET.

By

REGINA E. WILSON.

Lo, I show thee a king whose realm is fair,
Whose law bids live anew,—
A king who laughs at churlish care,
And wears on his breast, for jewels rare,
Twin roses pearled with dew.

The Muses he calls when harmony dies,
The Graces when life turns hard.
With beauty for handmaid old time he defies,
And his heart beats strong under dreariest skies,
If there sound but the harp of a bard.

He boasts no wealth, but nature's gift
Of binding soul to soul,
Yet the charm of his touch a burden can lift,
And the grace of his smile, like a cloud-land rift,
Discloses a heaven for goal.

There is never a land so poor and mean,
But knoweth his praise to sing;
There is never a wall so high can screen
The gaze of youth from the living sheen,
That circles this joyous king.

His name? Let me whisper it low for a charm,
A promise of light from above,
A something that girdeth the earth like an arm,
That breathes to the weakest, "Fear ye no harm"!
The name that I whisper is Love.

San Francisco, March 7, 1898.

Chinese Love Song

From

THE FIRST BORN.

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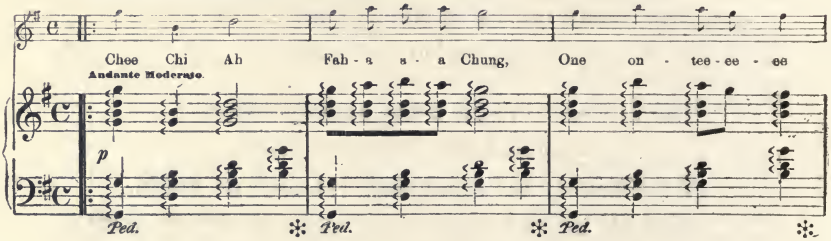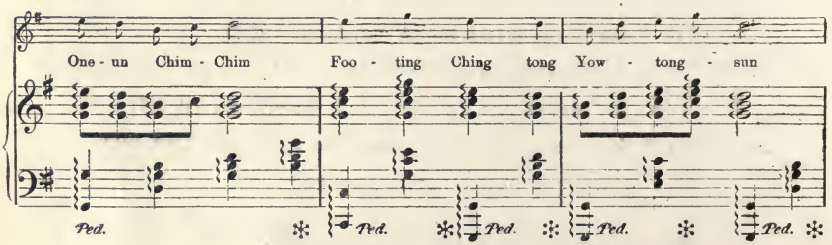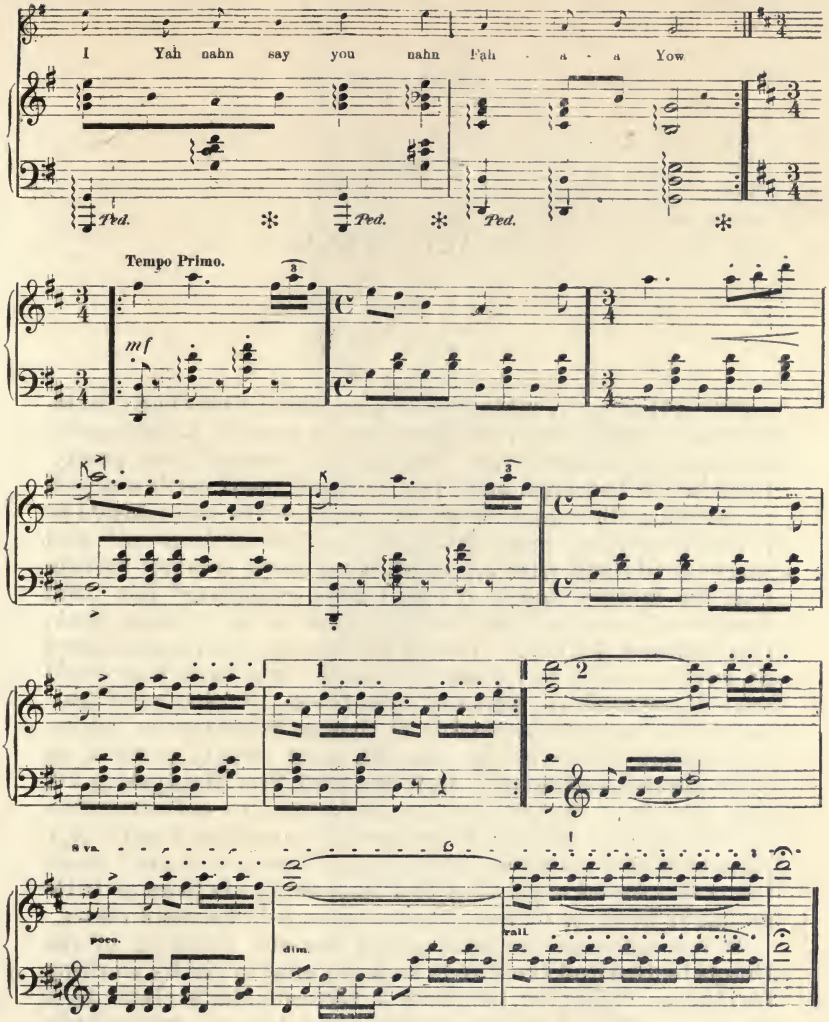

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AN ILL WIND.

By

CROMWELL GALPIN.

When George Washington White was a little baby, bald-headed, with vacant pale eyes and an usually large mouth, it is quite probable that his mother thought him pretty. Even when the bald head had covered itself with a shock of reddish-yellow hair, when the whitey eyes had learned to look steadily out upon life, and the vast little mouth had surrounded itself with a pair of heavy jaws, it is not certain that his mother might not still have considered her child handsome. But when the boy grew to be a man, lank, loose-jointed, with face burned by summer sun and blistered by winter winds, not even the mother who bore him could have discovered any signs of comeliness, of form or of feature, in the physical ensemble of George Washington White.

Not that White cared. At four and twenty months, in a dilapidated cottage of a half-deserted New Hampshire village, the baby waved his legs and arms to call attention to his needs, and opened his mouth to receive scanty supplies of corn bread and potatoes; at four and twenty years the man worked with arms and legs, using his jaws as little as might be until he could prove upon a homestead claim.

White stood in the door of his dug-out, thinking of the things he had and the things he was going to get by working for them. What he had was a homesteader's claim to a quarter section of Dakota prairie and a dug-out, with a little pile of hand-thrashed wheat in one corner and a bigger pile of unshelled corn in another; what he was going to have included everything which a man's heart might desire, for all things are possible to a man who is only 24 years old, "'bout as strong 's a yoke o' steers," and possessed of all the ingenuity characteristic of the down-East Yankee, when once that man gets the "start" of a quarter-section of land which will produce a crop if it is properly seeded.

He would not be in danger of starving, nor even forced to draw upon his little hoard of money, though he found no work during the winter. Just the same it would be a good deal more satisfactory if he could strike some kind of a job.

"Hullo, the house!"

"Hullo, the biler!"

Bob Mason, part proprietor of the first steam threshing

outfit to be brought into that region, was on his way to the more thickly settled section south of White's place. The threshing gang wanted water and a place to camp. They wanted hands, too. White promptly agreed to become a hand; and at night the young homesteader lay in his bunk and thought pleasantly of the time when he should have money enough to build some kind of a decent house.

As always before, so now, he was too busy to grieve because he was not pretty.

When Elsa Haldorsen was a little baby, with eyes blue as the summer skies of Norway, with flaxen ringlets clustering about her temples and a white skin softer than velvet, eyes free from a mother's prejudice would still discover her beauty. When at eighteen months she babbled an inarticulate song as she rocked her baby brother's cradle, it was very easy to see that to infantile beauty had been added patience and kindliness of heart. When, at eighteen years, she had grown to the full stature of womanhood, even her father recognized the beauty of her face and the sturdy sweetness of her disposition.

Not that Elsa knew it. Life had not been easy on the isolated little farm among the mountains of Norway. Brothers and sisters had in turn been routed out of the home-made cradle to make room for younger babies. Many a time Ulf Haldorsen had come down the steep mountain side, carrying a bundle of grass and wondering in helpless patience whether there would be hay enough to feed the little dun cow till the long winter was past. More than once, when the house was dark because the snow was piled up higher than the tops of the windows, there had been neither meat nor meal. At such times it would have seemed very dismal to the younger children had not Elsa sung songs of the feasts of the old Norse warriors, so that the little ones forgot that the dun cow gave so little milk.

Elsa could sing very loud when she was hungry.

News had come from a man who had once lived in Norway, and Ulf Haldorsen, with his wife and family of light-haired children, had come across an ocean and half across a continent to file his homestead claim to a hundred and sixty acres of Dakota land.

The dug-out which had sheltered the family during the first year was to be turned over to the chickens, for a wooden house with more rooms in it was ready for occupancy. More delightful still, it seemed to the children, neighbors were coming to settle near them, and the father had gone to the nearest railroad town, twenty miles away, to meet his friends and guide them to their new homes.

Elsa Haldorsen stood in the door of the new house, looking out over the prairie. Her arms were bare to the elbows, showing round and white and dimpled against the dark blue

of her cotton dress. The brisk wind loosened her fair hair and brought a stronger color to her pink cheeks. Certainly the girl was more than pretty. But as in Norway, so in America, she saw few people. No one had told her, and she had all her life been too busy to discover for herself the fact that she was beautiful.

Mason, proprietor of the steam threshing outfit, and White, his employe, walked ahead of the teams as the party approached a house from the rear. Coming around in front, they saw Elsa standing in the doorway.

Mason took off his hat with a graceful flourish.

"Good evening, madam," he said. "We would like permission to camp around here and the privilege of watering the stock at your well."

George Washington White said nothing. He stood staring at the girl, his mouth open and his long arms hanging limp at his sides. There had come to him a sudden recognition of the loneliness of his life in the dug-out, and an intense desire to hear this girl say something friendly to him; almost as strong was his desire to say something pleasant to her. But the experience gained in his zig-zag travels from New Hampshire to Dakota had not given him assurance in the presence of women. He felt a twinge of envy for Mason's ease of manner and glibness of tongue, but it did not occur to him to attempt any imitation. He simply stood and stared at the girl as she answered.

"Der vas all das brairie to gamp mit, und das wasser well vas dot house behint."

Mason stood in silence as he mentally untangled the sentence. White was not particular as to the girl's exact meaning. He recognized in her tone the expression of kindly feeling, and saw in her unabashed eyes the frankness of a perfectly innocent young woman, at home and not afraid. Then he spoke; and what he said was this:

"By gol! I wisht I wa'n't so *darned* hombly."

Then his face grew hot and a horrible shamefacedness came over him, mixed with a curious sense of relief when he saw that neither Mason nor the girl laughed at him.

The rest of the threshers came up, with much cracking of whips and shouting at tired mules.

"Ve moofe to-day," said the girl; speaking to Mason, but looking at White.

"She thinks I'm some darned baboon 't's got out of a circus," said White to himself.

"Come in—come in," said Elsa's mother, with ready hospitality. "Not mooch breat is, because ve moove. But ve find somedings."

The two men excused themselves until the stock should be cared for, and went toward the well to draw water, passing behind the old dug-out, out of sight of the house and

of the other men. White noticed that the door of the dug-out had been taken away, but the sash window was still in place. The little room was half full of unhusked corn.

"Say, White," said Mason, "that little Dutch girl is the handsomest woman I've seen since I left the States."

"Shut up," said White.

As if by agreement the men set their pails down upon the ground and stood facing each other. Mason's face flashed darkly, but White was very pale.

"Look here," said Mason, "I don't know much about you, but you look like a square kind of a fellow. If you can get that girl all right. But I tell you right now"—he leaned forward and tapped White's breast with his forefinger; and he never knew how near White came to clutching him by the throat and strangling him—"no man alive shall dictate to me whether I shall or shall not make love to an unmarried woman."

Mason was six feet tall, sturdy of limb and deep of chest. But it was not the strength of the man which caused White to stoop slowly and take up his bucket, resigning his claims like a man who was afraid to fight for his right to win a woman's love; even in his anger he recognized the fact that Mason had an honest and very handsome face, that his manner was graceful and his speech easy; that, unlike himself, his rival possessed all those qualities which women are said to consider lovable.

"They aint no use o' my tryin' aside o' you," he said, with the manner of a man who acknowledged a fact no less disagreeable than uncontrovertible. "'F I thought it 'ud be any use t' whale you I'd do it, if I could."

He walked to the well and drew up a bucket of water. Mason followed him, talking cordially, but getting monosyllabic and rather surly answers.

The threshers ate their supper of bacon and bread in the open air, but Mason and White were invited into the house to eat from a table made of the door of the dug-out. During the meal both mother and daughter waited on their guests, and Mason talked to them. He talked well, for he was intelligent, witty and anxious to please; and the charm of his conversation was not lessened by the fact that he believed himself to be making good progress toward gaining the regard of a very pretty girl.

White said but little, and by reason of his bashfulness said that little very clumsily. He was trying to get some comfort out of the fact that Elsa seemed to pay as much attention to him as to Mason, when, just before the meal was over, the girl brought a piece of apple pie and set it by Mason's plate.

"Dot vas all ve haf, pecause ve moofe. Der boss dot pie gets," she said with a little blush.

Mason quoted a Norse proverb: "A kindly heart makes a happier guest than dainty meat," as he cut the pie into two tiny pieces.

White saw the blush with which the dessert was offered, and misinterpreted it. He declined the proffered section, knowing that if he accepted it he would then and there jam it down Mason's throat. He rose abruptly and went out. He said nothing aloud, but inwardly he cursed Mason's easy grace and his ready ability to turn everything to his own profit.

Mason sat and deliberately ate the pie and then sat and talked for two hours longer, and when at last he rose to go he felt very well satisfied with himself and all the world. As he put on his hat Elsa handed him a small pie, still warm, on a tin plate.

"Dot to der oder man you gifs," she said, with the same little blush he had seen before.

It was rather a shock to the handsome young man, but he said "Good night" and made a moderately graceful exit, with the pie in his hand. When he was fairly outside he bit a great, round mouthful out of the pie; then he spat it out and fired the remainder, dish and all, at a mule, which had just stretched out its neck to bray.

The threshers were astir early, and before it was fairly light were well on their way toward their next station; but one man was left behind to hunt up a mule which had been startled in the night and had run off over the prairie.

The day was unusually warm for November, and a strong shower fell about noon. But it cleared up again and the teams pushed on. At dusk the stock and machinery were left in the outskirts of a little town, and most of the men gathered at "the store" to hear news from the outside world.

There was a good deal of desultory conversation, mingled with political discussion, prophecies of the growth and prosperity of Boomtown, and speculations regarding the coming winter.

Mason walked to the door and opened it.

"Looks as if winter had begun to arrive," he said as he looked out over the prairie. Half the sky was covered with black clouds, and a gusty wind was picking up dust and straws and whirling them about in little eddies.

"Whew!" said the man as he stepped outside, "it's cold. Hope we won't get a big storm that'll stop threshing. Let's go back to the camp before the wind gets any stronger."

The men started, but they did not reach the camp before the wind got stronger, and very much stronger. The little eddies that picked up straws became small cyclones which carried loose boards along with them; the whispering sounds became long-drawn shrieks, and the intermittent

moaning became a steady roar. Just before camp was reached the men were drenched by dashing rain that almost instantly turned to a fine sleet, cutting their faces like bird shot fired at long range.

"Make for the cooking shanty," yelled Mason, as he bent his head and turned his face from the driving sleet.

The cooking shanty was a substantial affair of grooved and tongued lumber, built on the running gear of a heavy wagon. It was not provided with sleeping accommodations, but the blankets and extra clothing of the men were piled in it, and what was still more to the purpose there was a cook stove and three or four hundred pounds of soft coal.

Something bumped against the wheels and a hoarse shout was heard above the roar of the wind:

"Le' me in, boys, le' me in!" and when the door was opened the man who had been left behind to catch the stray mule stumbled in among his companions. It had taken him half a day to catch the animal and the blizzard had caught him on the way to camp.

"The wind blowed us along," chattered the man with the half-hysterical laughter following relief from deadly fear, "an' we jest come."

He edged his way to the fire.

"This beats bein' out in the wind," he said, " but I'd ruther be in a dug-out what I was sure couldn't be blowed over. Say, Haldorsen's house is burnt up, 'n' they didn't save nothing but some beddin'. The fire come up quick an' burnt up everything. They didn't have no matches to build a fire with, an' I don't b'lieve they've got a single darn thing to eat."

Nobody said anything for a moment. The storm shrieked and howled, and the shanty rocked and quivered as the blast struck it.

White crowded his way to a cupboard and took out a piece of salt pork and a sack of table salt.

The men seemed to get a notion of what he was about, and two or three called him a fool.

"The dug-out was half full of corn," said Mason, "they won't starve."

"Them women's got to have help," said White. "They wa'n't no door on that dug-out."

Bob Mason was rather pale, and his tongue seemed less manageable than usual as he spoke.

"They're in a bad fix, I admit. But no living man can get to them against this blizzard. Why, Bill here is nearly frozen riding with the wind."

"I'm a goin' to try it," answered White, shortly.

There was not much more conversation. White put his chunk of pork, the bag of salt and two boxes of matches into an empty grain sack, cutting off the extra cloth. He

took down a somewhat moth-eaten buffalo coat hanging against the wall, put it on and lifted his bundle. He opened the door, and two of the men pushed it shut as White staggered out into the storm.

Jim Adelman, formerly of Missouri, sat in his dug-out reading a month-old paper by the light of a lantern. The blizzard raged outside, and Adelman congratulated himself that he had thatched his dug-out with two feet of earth.

Some one thumped upon the door—once—twice—but before there was time to strike a third time Adelman opened it; and White, an indescribable mass of felt hat, snow, ice and buffalo hair, stumbled into the room.

"Keep away from the fire if you're froze," yelled the Missourian, shutting the door as his visitor leaned over the stove.

"I aint so very cold," said White, which assertion was somewhat belied by his pinched face and blue lips; "but my eyelids is froze together so't I can't hardly see." He stood by the stove, pawing at his face with stiffened hands.

Adelman took hold of the buffalo coat and began to unbutton it.

"Hold on!" said White, "I'm agoin' on when I get thawed out a little."

Adelman stood back and looked at his guest.

"You must be some new kind of a doggoned fool," he remarked, pleasantly. "You ain't gwine out o' this here dug-out fer a week."

"Got to," said White, "some fellers'll starve."

"Can't help it," said Adelman, "you've met up with a man what'll see 't you don't get to go out o' here till the blizzard's blowed itself out. Them fellers'll have to starve a little."

"Taint fellers—it's women," said White, a little sheepishly.

"Air it a gal what—what you're soft on?"

White nodded.

Adelman was an old man, slender and not much over five feet tall.

"Pardner," he said, "my old woman died about the time you was borned, an' they won't nobody mourn much when I pass in my checks. Kin I git thar? I'm a doggoned sight tougher'n I look."

"It's snowin' some," answered White, "an' if it drifts a short-legged man don't stan' no show. I reckon God A'mighty give me long legs fer jes' this trip."

"How fur is it?"

"Haldorsen's."

"Pardner," said Adelman, in the most matter-of-fact tone, "when the blizzard quits I'll come out that way, an' ef I hev to I'll see 't ye're buried long o' one another. I don't reckon

you'll ever git thar. But keep yer head stiddy,"—White opened the door—"and—doggone yer ornery skin, I hope you'll git thar."

The shrieking wind drowned his voice, and by the time Adelman had jammed the door shut White was out of sight in the driving snow.

White bent his head and pushed himself along against the wind, shouldering it aside, staggering sometimes, and sometimes actually borne backward, like a man struggling in a dense crowd of people. It was very dark, but he felt little fear of losing his way. The settlers were scattered, but they had plowed out the section lines straight across the level township, affording a plain guide which he could feel if he could not see.

The wind no longer toyed with straws nor whirled the prairie dust in playful eddies; there was neither whispering nor moaning; straight out of the Northwest it came with a roar that made all other sounds inaudible, bearing frozen raindrops that struck and stung like venomous insects. No man could face such a gale and breathe. With face turned aside and shoulder thrust forward, White labored like a man carrying a load up a steep hill. At times advance was impossible, and the man crouched close to the ground, gasping for breath, hiding his face and hands in the folds of the buffalo coat in a vain attempt to avoid the pitiless cold which seemed to pierce through his clothing as if it had been gossamer. The wind tugged at him, pushed him backward and down upon the ground; the cold tortured his whole body and bit cruelly at neck and wrist like a reptile whose vicious wisdom taught it to strike at unprotected flesh. Yet he pressed on, falling over rough places and rising again to push forward in the teeth of the shrieking wind. Had it been daylight, vision would have been impossible, for human eyes could not endure the pelting of the sharp icicles and the deadly cold of the blast. Over the deep furrow marking the town line he stumbled back and forth, falling sometimes and cutting hands and face against the frozen ground, yet feeling thankful that he was able to avoid wandering from his path.

There is a limit to a man's ability to resist low temperature and strong wind, even though he may possess all the grim courage of generations of Puritan forefathers, though in him is concentrated the strength of many backwoods progenitors. The cold paralyzes him and the wind makes him delirious; and White lost the power of clearly distinguishing between facts about him and mental impressions from within. He found himself standing still while in a crazy sort of way he tried to convince himself that his pile of wheat would keep Elsa Haldorsen from being hungry, all the time painfully half conscious that it was not mental

anxiety he needed to fight against, so much as the dreadful suffering from the cold. He pulled himself together, mentally and physically, knocking his numbed arms together to start the sluggish blood to flowing in his veins, and stumbled forward, not thinking much of direction, yet half instinctively coming back to the furrow when he felt level ground beneath his feet.

The paralysis of cold is stronger than the delirium consequent upon excessive air pressure on the lungs. White thought the fierce shriek of the wind less loud. Pain seemed less intense.

"My knees feel kind o' funny," he mumbled to himself.

The delirious mind in a rugged body still made its desperate fight against the fatal torpor of the cold.

"My knees—my knee—"

He had fallen to his hands and knees, striking the sharp lumps of frozen earth in the furrow. He was tired. It was not very cold. Here was a place to rest.

It was like tearing soul from body to rouse himself to go on. Sharp consciousness came back for a moment, and with it fear more horrible than extremity of physical pain.

"God A'mighty," he moaned, "don't le' me git sleepy! Sweet Jesus, don't le' me git sleepy!"

He rose to his knees, wavering from side to side. A blast stronger, colder, more deadly than any that had come before roared across the prairie, carrying a mass of snow and ice that made the air seem solid. White toppled over upon his face, and delirium struck its last blow in its battle with the stupor of cold.

"Gol darn sleepy," whispered the man, his half frozen lips stretching apart in a ghastly smile. He lay down across the furrow which had been his guide. The snow fell steadily and the blast roared over him.

A blow upon his body, and then another—a stroke upon his head that made great flashes of light before his eyes—upon his face a breath scorching as if straight from the infernal regions—White sat up and heard the howling wind, felt numbly the pricking of driving snow, and saw slowly drifting by the dim forms of cattle which the Wind God was gathering together for his own.

Some of them had trodden upon him, struck their hoofs against him, breathed upon his face. If they had bruised him he was too cold to feel it. They had broken no bones, for he rose slowly to his feet and stood pounding himself across the breast with arms that seemed dead to feeling.

He was awake, and though rather stupid he recognized the fact that the bundle was gone from his shoulders. He stooped and felt for it, found it, pushed it about with stiffened hands which had lost their power of grasping.

"That's what God A'mighty give me bull-dog jaws fer,"

he muttered. Stooping low to take the package in his teeth, he fell. Then he rose unsteadily to his feet, and, with stubborn courage that was only pitiful, staggered out upon the prairie. Numb and stupid with cold, incapable of consecutive thought, he had forgotten the precious bundle.

Whether he had gone far or but a little way, he could not tell, but suddenly the power of clear thinking came back to him. It was dark. The blizzard howled and bore its burden of frozen rain. But the sleet no longer stung, the cold no longer bit.

"I've lost the stuff, an' I can't git there anyhow." He was too cold to be hopeful, too cold to be sorry for himself, too cold to be afraid. He walked forward more by reason of muscular action that had become habit than from any effort of will. Again drowsiness came over him—drowsiness resistless and comfortable as when he was a child. A habit of childhood asserted itself:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

he murmured,

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord——"

Like light flashing through black darkness, like sudden awakening from deep sleep, full realization of his position came to him—the hopelessness of his own condition, the fate of the family he had hoped to succor—

"Help Elsa, help Elsa," he prayed; and again the veil seemed to drop before his mind, making very dim his perception of all earthly things. Then ten thousand fiery stars danced before his eyes, an awful roar encompassed him—a shock—and then nothing.

White had stumbled squarely upon the head of a long-horned range steer, drifting blindly before the blizzard. The startled animal raised his head, flinging the man headlong and he went squarely through the blanket which the Haldorsens had nailed over the doorway of their dug-out. Elsa had replaced the blanket and piled corn against it while the mother searched White's pockets for the matches which every frontiersman carries and which meant life or death to them all. She found them, and when White came to his senses corn was burning merrily in the little fireplace, and the women and children were rubbing his hands and feet. Elsa held his head in her lap, and when White opened his eyes she said:

"I tole my mutter you vas come before we die."

With warm, strong arms she pressed his cheek against a bosom throbbing with the strong heartbeats that come when the undiscriminating affection of childhood is suddenly transformed into the great sex love which shall dominate a woman's life.

She kissed his lips. "You vas goot," she said; "I lofes you."

The Indians of Hoopa Valley.

Hoopa Valley is situated in the northeastern corner of Humboldt County, near the boundary line of Trinity County. Many years ago a wandering band of Apaches climbed the rocky fastnesses of Trinity summit and, looking down, saw a valley below them, green, beautiful, and abounding in live oak, with Trinity River winding its way through its park-like length. They climbed down the almost perpendicular walls of the level lands below and pitched their tents on the slopes above the river.

Years afterward, when their arrival in the valley had become lost in the mist of tradition, the country began to be inhabited by white people, to whom the Hoopa Indians became a constant menace. Finally a horrible massacre caused the Government to establish Fort Gaston in the valley, and Captain John, the Hoopa chief, was taken to San Francisco to see the people. He went back to Hoopa subdued and with a broken spirit; gathering the chiefs around him on the beach by the river, he took up a great handful of sand, saying: "The white people are as many as the grains in my hand, and it only means death to attempt to fight them." Since then peace has reigned; the Government, finding no use for the fort and the soldiers, removed them, leaving only the Captain in charge.

The entrance to Hoopa is by trail, although there is a road in most wretched condition from infrequent travel. You leave Eureka, the county seat, travel to a small town known as Korbel, and from there go straight up the mountain to a small road-house, which resembles nothing quite as much as a robber's roost, and is known as the Mountain House. Here the first stop is made. The trip after that is over a narrow pack trail, through gorges, and around precipices, and, just before Hoopa is reached, it is necessary to pass Cape Horn, a horrible promontory, around which the

path winds like a tiny thread hundreds of feet above the creek. The view beyond Cape Horn, however, quite repays one for this really thrilling experience.

The valley is about twelve miles long and three or four across, with sides so steep and high that the sun disappears early in the afternoon, even on the longest Summer days. Through the centre flows the Trinity, broad, treacherous and deep, with innumerable tributary streams, and at intervals, wild, foaming rapids on its otherwise quiet surface. The river seems to be a division between civilization and an advanced degree of barbarism. On the west side are the Indian schools, the houses belonging to the Captain and the teachers and the United States Fish Commission, all arranged around a great circular park with gravel paths, fountains and a most beautiful lawn. Above and below are the Indians who live in frame houses, the half-breeds and "squaw men."

Across the river a different state of things exists. I remember being piloted over to the other side last Summer in a canoe and starting with a small party to investigate an almost unknown country.

The first hut we reached belonged to Captain John, who holds undisputed sway over the east side of the river and is the most magnificent Indian I have ever seen. He is tall and perfectly erect, with a face cut like a cameo. Old men, bent and worn out, say that when they were boys Captain John was an old man, but time has dealt lightly with him, and, in spite of his iron-grey hair, he does not look over fifty. He is believed to be about one hundred and ten years of age.

When we arrived at his hut he was down in the smoke-house, but he came up, and with the dignity of a Chesterfield invited us in, sitting before us in stony silence, while his brother, who is Captain John's shadow, delivered a monologue in a strange gutteral tongue.

The smoke-house is a primitive Turkish bath, made by digging a hole in the ground and covering it with an air-tight roof. The Indian goes in through a small hole with a sliding door, which he closes behind him. Once within he builds a raging fire and lies down with his face to the floor till the heat becomes unbearable and his body is in a heavy perspiration, then the rushes out and jumps into the river, which is always freezing cold.

The bank of the river is lined with these smoke-houses, and behind them is the burying ground, possibly placed there in a spirit of irony. When an Indian dies he takes all his worldly possessions with him, and the hut in which he dies is burned to the ground. Over his grave on a cross bar his miserable clothes are hung, and on the ground, in unstudied carelessness, lie bits of crockery and glass greatly cherished by him in his lifetime.

Most of the Indians on Captain John's side of the river live in the dug-out houses, which look like a hut about three feet high, with no visible entrance. Hidden away somewhere under the eaves of the roof there is a round hole with a flat well worn stone in front. To enter one must get down on hands and knees, push back the sliding door, and crawl through the hole. Inside there is a small platform with a ladder leading down into what at first seems a bottomless pit. With the eyes accustomed to the light a deep room can be seen, with a fire in one corner, blankets on the ground, and in every convenient place some kind of a basket filled with acorns, nuts or meal. It is in the dug-outs that the best "finds" are made by the collector. This is where the squaw cooks saw-haw by throwing red-hot stones in a large, brown basket full of acorn meal and water, to be eaten later from the same basket by the family, all using one spoon of elk horn, carved by some ancestor, for the elk are now extinct in California.

There is very little use for money in Hoopa, as the Indians are provided for by the Government; it is therefore quite difficult to buy their work. Their ideas of money are most confused. Many a time a really beautiful basket can be bought for about half its value from a squaw who will the next moment ask the same price for an old wooden pipe. A store has been established of late years near the agency, and quite a traffic started in baskets, which are shipped from Hoopa to all parts of the United States, so, perhaps, as the Indian's need for money increases his ideas on the subject may become more clear.

The Hoopa baskets are very beautiful, but not quite equal to the standard of the Pomo weaves. The Hoopa squaws never use feathers or beads in their patterns, but what is lost that way is made up by most exquisite designs. The baskets used for caps are particularly beautiful, being made of the finest basket straw, the pattern worked in with the black stems of the maiden-hair fern.

The shapes of baskets are an interesting study, as nearly every one has a tradition or significance attached. There is the white-deer-skin-dance basket, shaped like an acorn, in which the Indian brings his most valuable possessions to the annual dance. The idea involved is quite apparent, that from those small belongings greater ones may grow, as the oak grows from the acorn.

Then there is the saw-haw basket, the Indian "pan," and innumerable others, each with its individual use and most apparent raison d' etre.

Even in Hoopa Valley, isolated as it is, the old Indian customs are fast dying out. The dances which in past years were frequent and indulged in by the entire band, including the Klamath Indians from Wichpec, are now only

danced by the older men, who in a few years will be gone, leaving in their places only a wretched band of half-breeds and civilized braves from the schools.

Last year the Indians had what will doubtless be the last boat dance in Hoopa Valley. At dusk Captain John and his men gathered together on the river, two in each canoe, and standing erect, swayed from side to side, chanting a most melancholy dirge. On the shore the squaws knelt, moving their bodies in accordance with the rising and falling of the chant and weeping bitterly the while. It is most weird and impressive to watch in the gathering darkness. Its origin and meaning is quite unknown.

There is so much of interest to mention in connection with this almost unknown and inaccessible corner of the State that one hardly knows where to begin or when to stop, but to the ambitious tramper I would say that it is well worth a visit, even with the attendant hardships. Not only is the Hoopa Valley beautiful, but the country passed through is picturesque beyond description and barely equalled by the Yosemite. —A. K. D.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

By

CHARLES A. MURDOCK.

Sense in a human being springs from a harmonious relation of all his powers. It is twin brother to judgment out of reason by imported insight. Sense is what makes a man an idiot if he doesn't have it. Sense has fine staying powers, and often distances genius, brilliancy, and the whole field of thoroughbreds. The man of sense is the man we lean on. He is the salt that keeps the human sea from spoiling; he is the balance wheel that prevents the cranks from moving too fast, the governor that regulates the steam, the brake that holds the wheels on the down grade. He is the combined judge and jury at the bar of mankind. He is the man that knows, and the only one whose advice is worth taking. The sensible man knows what is good for him. He is never intemperate either in his appetite or his mind. He is balanced and self-controlled. He is far-sighted and long-minded, fair and just; too wise to be conceited, too just to be selfish. He is never a spendthrift and never a miser. Prodigality and parsimony are equally shunned. He is neither skeptical nor credulous. He doubts till he is convinced, but his mind is open and he is ready to be convinced. He believes what he has accepted with a firmness that holds him securely, but is not immovable. He has strong convictions and he acts fearlessly on them, but he never feels that he has compassed all of truth. His mind is hospitable and his heart is generous and kindly. He is a man of good-will, and is willing to help or be helped, as occasion warrants. He is not without pride, but there is too much of him to be vain. He is just to others and to himself. He is neither too timid nor too confident. He loves peace, but will fight for sufficient cause. He is persevering, but knows when it is folly to continue. If he is very sensible he avoids not only vices but overdone virtues. He walks erect, but is in no danger of falling over backwards. He is as far from gloom and pessimism as he is from hilarious optimism. He is neither despairing and doubtful nor ridiculously sanguine. He has a strong self-respect, but is not unduly sensitive and thin-skinned. He is calm and collected, but not without impulse and enthusiasm. He is cool, but capable of being excited. He is the typical average man, not the highest type of genius, perhaps, not the

leader of the race, the inspired prophet, the poet, the reformer. He is the every-day, all-around, uncracked, staple product. What beef and bread are to the daily diet the man of sense is to the life of the world. He represents health, balance, soundness.

But the man of sense may relish nonsense. The capacity to appreciate it is a gift apart, like an ear for music. There are worthy people who are color blind, and others most worthy in their benighted way who have no appreciation of nonsense. This delightful atmosphere of the mind must not be confounded with folly. It is the complement, not the antithesis of sense. To state it arithmetically, as work is to play, so is sense to nonsense. It is the unchecked rein, the slippered foot, the unbent bow, the loosened tension. It is relaxation, recreation, change, renewal. It is the great lubricant of the machinery of daily life. It is the salt and pepper without which a stew would be wholly unpalatable. It is to be used sparingly or the dish is spoiled. The true proportion is expressed in the ancient saw, beginning "a little nonsense, now and then." So used, it promotes health and digestion. It surely has its place in a normal human character, and a world without it would be unendurable. There is enough in life to make us sober. God knows that, and so he makes it possible for us to be merry at times. Wit sparkles in the human mind, and humor warms the human heart. Man is gifted with the capacity to laugh. It is pretty hard work for some of the species, and many have precious little to laugh at, poor souls, but the fact that man can laugh is an unmeasured blessing, and when he does he should give thanks. The true man of sense has room for a modicum of nonsense. If he hasn't he is not sensible. Shakespeare was wholly sane, and he could both moan in agony and shriek with laughter. Timon and Falstaff, what a contrast. Iago and Touchstone, what a world between them. Prospero, what a god-like man. Caliban, how near the brute. Even the grave and reverend Gladstone knows his Lewis Carroll, as he is said to have reproved a clergyman who spoke disrespectfully of the Snark, and he expressed an opinion that no man was worthy of ecclesiastical preferment who had doubts as to a Boojum.

We feel that Carlyle was less great because of his sardonic temper, while Emerson gains in power from the gentle humor that plays between his lofty thoughts. Dear, delightful Charles Lamb, how the world loves him for his sunny soul; and Sydney Smith, what a joy provoker has he been. If the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where one has grown before is a benefactor to mankind, how much greater is the gift of him who coaxes a smile from a weary soul, or makes a laugh to spring where none was known before. There are people in the world who are so constructed that they cannot get beyond the utilities.

If a thing is not useful it is of no value whatever. They are well enough as far as they go, but what right has a vegetable garden to scorn and sneer at the flowers and vines that fill the eye with beauty and the air with fragrance but are of no use when it comes to a boiled dinner? There are other things in the world besides usefulness, and there are forms of use we know very little about. The practical man is somewhat apt to look upon anything not practical with contempt and impatience, but there is a whole world beyond his little potato patch.

Happy is the man who has a sense of humor and sees the amusing side of things. He does not wear out as quickly as your always serious man whose eyes never twinkle and who never laughs aloud. Of course a man must not be intemperate in it. The constant joker, or the man whose face never straightens out with seriousness or earnestness is very tiresome, and brings good-nature into disrepute with the undiscriminating. The constant punster is a great trial, though commonly a small man. He is a human gnat whose annoyance is aggravated by reason of his being so little.

The parody is another dangerous form of wit. Many a noble poem has been spoiled by a vile travesty that by the depravity of the intellect sticks when we wish it might be forgotten. On the other hand, there are some clever parodies that do no harm, but give much innocent delight. Bret Harte has done nothing better than his condensed novels.

Strictly speaking, wit and humor cannot be considered the antithesis of sense, for they must have great sense or they fail to be; but one gets a better idea of the true relation of sense and nonsense if the question is broadened by adding to the side of sense that idea of utility and practicality with which it is on such intimate terms, and of coupling with nonsense all that is facetious and mirth provoking, those varied expressions of fun and frolic that pertain to man in his off-duty hours. Time was when our morbid ancestors felt that enjoyment was questionable, and their overstrict conscience caused them to look askance at frivolity and merriment, but we are over that now, and wisely class them with our privileges. We ought to indulge in them freely when we can. There is danger of our slighting this side of our nature from our devotion to business and money-making, even as our fathers did from devotion to religious observances. Let us be firmly convinced that there is a time for all things, at least for all things as harmless as wit, fun, and frolic, and let us try to keep a corner in our hearts where it shall be cherished, and not driven out by the mad rush for wealth, nor darkened utterly by the trials and sorrows of life. Let us carefully cultivate the garden of our mind, and raise all manner of pleasant fruit, but leave one little nook where the vines may climb at will and laugh in the sunshine without a thought of use.

The Tryst.

By

WARREN CHENEY.

If I skirt the cherry hedge
As the clock is striking eight;
Turn there by the grass-plot's edge,
Passing by the iron gate,
(Ugh! I hear its hinge creak still!)
And, silent as the whip-poor-will
Flitting on before me, wedge
Through a gap I know, and gain
The great passion vine they train
Up around her window ledge—
Then, at the last, silvery stroke,
If I whistle, once, twice—so—
Like the little house owl's call—
Somehow, in the dark, I know,
Though I hear no sound at all,
That the door there on the right
Opens slowly; and a patch
Of shadow drifts along the wall
Somewhat less than woman's height.
Drifts and flutters; and no more
Till I hear the smothered scratch,
In the gravel, of swift feet,
Rush of garments, and I see
There, where nothing was before,
By me close the shadow sweet
Hands outstretched my hands to greet,
And her face leaned out to me.

The Lagoon at Sutters Fort, Sacramento, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEEDS.

By

JAMES D. PHELAN.

San Francisco has grown so steadily since the American occupation of California, and has so gracefully and easily taken its place as the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, that its inhabitants have regarded its development as a natural growth, not unlike the growth of plants and trees. Little or nothing has been done to stimulate its development. Other cities have been pushed ahead by organized efforts, and they have endeavored in a few years, by such a forcing process, to enjoy the apparent stability of older communities. This artificial process has been called "booming." Now, San Francisco has never been subjected to anything of this kind, and hence it is more apt to maintain its position as a metropolis, because its growth, like the growth of everything that is permanent and enduring, has been by slow and easy stages. It possesses in its bay and harbor a magnificent advantage over any possible competitor for the metropolitan pre-eminence, and with a more liberal railroad policy than it has enjoyed in the past, its lost commerce should speedily be regained and augmented. There has been a falling off since 1891 of the trade of this city with Australia, with Japan, with the Hawaiian Islands and with the Philippine Islands, and a slight increase in our trade with China. But there are movements on foot which are certainly to be enumerated among the needs of San Francisco to improve our trade relations with foreign countries.

The new life which has been infused both into Japan and China, the political changes in Hawaii, and the construction of the trans-Siberian railroad, which seems to insure a line of steamships between San Francisco and Vladvistock, the opening of Alaska and the ultimate construction of the Nicaragua Canal are certain to count in our favor. San Francisco is but 4,600 miles from Yokahama, and 6,100 miles from Hongkong, which is considerably less than half the distance to the great maritime ports of Europe and England. Furthermore, San Francisco is in the most direct line between the Oriental ports and the Nicaragua Canal, and perhaps a vessel will save 2,000 miles by touching at San

Francisco rather than at the Hawaiian Islands, which are popularly believed to be a more convenient half-way or calling station between these places.

Having perfected our facilities for dealing with the outside world, which means the enrichment of our city and all the people thereof, because commerce is and always has been a vast source of wealth, we can turn our minds to the consideration of internal development. In order to make a market for our domestic manufactures, we must make them as good and as cheap as those from anywhere else, which can be done by a more thorough technical education given to young mechanics and artisans by public institutions; and secondly, by the enterprise of our business men in seeking markets through agencies, Boards of Trade, Manufacturers' and Producers' Associations, and instrumentalities of that kind. When wealth and prosperity come to a city, as they have come during the last 50 years to San Francisco, the later generations naturally turn to the other and pleasanter side of life, and endeavor, which is now among the most urgent of our needs, to bring about conditions of municipal life favorable to the health, comfort and happiness of the people. Not only must the workshop be kept busy, but the house must be kept sanitary, clean and beautiful.

When any extensive municipal work shall be undertaken, the city is in a position to use its credit. It owes no money now. If we are to build for all time we should not pay for all time, and if posterity is going to benefit by our improvements of to-day, posterity should bear a part of the burden. It is to be assumed that public initiative will be followed by private enterprise, and that theatres, museums, libraries and galleries will come to San Francisco, following the demands of artistic taste, or perhaps as a legacy of her successful citizens. These matters, in a community where art, music and the drama are not, as in Europe, subsidized, are no less a growth than a gift. The taste must be here to appreciate them before they come, but they certainly will come when that taste is developed. The artistic taste of San Francisco is *un fait accompli*, and these pressing needs of civilized life should have their temples. Private citizens should look with affection and pride upon the city which has been the field of their successful labors, and bequeath legacies of usefulness and beauty, ennobling and civilizing in their influences, and thus shall they be remembered by monuments of their own construction in the city of the living rather than by neglected shafts in the city of the dead. San Francisco will, under development of this kind, possess all the gratifications of an enlightened people, and will surely be the Mecca of the home-seeker and the tourist of the American continent, and be a resort for the travelers

of the world. Already its reputation for hospitality is extensive and well deserved. As a man should ascertain those things which he is qualified to do, and do them, so should a city, with an introspective glance see her own capacity, and cultivate those things for which she is best qualified. From her position San Francisco must necessarily be a great market and exchange—an emporium of trade and commerce—and her merchants should take advantage of this fact. From the mildness of her climate and from the unparalleled natural attractions of California, San Francisco should perfect herself in all these things which add to the pleasure and delight of mankind, in order that she may not only draw but hold that large and increasing population that seeks now in Europe and other remote countries that relaxation, repose and pleasure which comes after a life of toil; drawing their incomes from other lands and pouring them into the lap of that city or resort which most commends itself to their favor. With an industrial and mercantile and a pleasure-seeking population, San Francisco should make in turn her contribution to civilization. With beauty of land and sky must come a love of the beautiful, and in no remote time should the achievements of Greece and Rome be paralleled on this western shore, and civilization, beginning in the far East, having made the circuit of the globe, find at length its orbit completed and its highest development attained by the Golden Gate. This has been the prognostication of observing minds, and if the people of this city will share such confidence in their own future, they will enter upon the work of San Francisco's regeneration and development with a fixity of purpose and enthusiasm which so enchanting a prospect invites, and in the hope of its consummation find at once their inspiration and

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Well do I remember my first impression of the unambitious poet. It was at a Quaker Tea in Philadelphia. The Hungarian patriot Kossuth, William Lloyd Garrison, and Whittier were the guests of honor, but the exquisite courtesy of Lucretia Mott made no distinction among the company of fifteen or twenty assembled. At the neatly appointed table she accorded these three the usual seats of honor; the silent grace followed by Friends was not omitted, her dignified husband merely bowing his head as a signal for a few moments silence.

Whittier was a shy, diffident man, but never awkward, and his tall and manly presence, flashing dark eyes and agreeable voice gave added impressiveness to his earnest manner. The early influence of his Quaker training was to him, as it has been to many others, a school of repression; and while fertility of ideas was not wanting, the absence of fluency of speech and a natural modesty that he never overcame, rendered him taciturn in a general company, though he talked admirably when the circle consisted only of a few intimates. Yet he was quick to enjoy the airy nothings which floated about society at this tea. I watched him, the center of a crowd of people, gradually thaw out, break into laughter at some sally, and then come into the tilt with a brilliant repartee. These, however, soon changed their sparkle, as the explosive voice of Garrison and the mild tones of our host attracted attention. One by one each individual was drawn into conversation, animated, witty, serious, discursive. Books, journalism, the impending crisis, California and its stirring probobilities, the suffrage question, etc. There was a coterie at that table whose names have since grown into fame. The evening passed away leaving pungent and agreeable recollections of hours delightfully spent and a conviction that talk was not a lost art, in that charmed circle at least.

Whittier's fund of humor was so keen, that he enjoyed recounting his own blunders during his school teaching days, in the process of boarding around. These recitals enlivened a pleasant ride I took with him one Sunday afternoon to the scene of his early poem "Mogg Megone." In-

dian legendary lore was an attractive subject, and he was fond of catching his inspiration from the landscape before him. On another occasion we made the circuit of the Marblehead—that quaint old town which still retains many of its old-fashioned homes, and where, in ancient days,

> "Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
> Was tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
> By the women of Marblehead."

The reading of that poem by the author himself is impressed on my memory as one of the pleasant incidents of that delightful visit. After our return, when the early tea was over, as we sat on the open porch he looked fatigued, so, passing into the library adjoining I selected a volume of his works, and said: "Now I am going to indulge myself by reading an author's own lyrics to him."

He smiled, and replied:

"I suppose thee thinks that will be a treat."

"As they are John G. Whittier's they should be," I answered. I turned to "Parson Avery's Swan Song."

> "The clouds were golden in the west, the summer air had lulled to a zephyr, the flowers were closing their chalices, and their faint fragrant aroma permeated the atmosphere with its sweetness."

"The clouds were golden in the west, the summer air had lulled to a zephyr, the flowers were closing their chalices, and their faint fragrant aroma permeated the atmosphere with its sweetness."

> "The reaper's task was ended
> And the summer wearing late."

Whittier listened attentively, and, as I finished, said:

"Well, I have had a great deal of poetry read to me, but this is the first time anyone has read me my own."

Evidently he was pleased. With that encouragement I went on. Several others followed, and at last I turned to "Floyd Ireson." He criticized my reading of that, said I had not caught the proper intonation, and taking the book from my hand read the refrain as I had never before heard it, and never shall again. The peculiar pronunciation, the cries of the "old wives grey" seemed mingled into a curse, and I could almost hear the rattle of the car over the stones and see the tarred and feathered penitent skipper, writhing in agonies of remorse "left alone with his shame and sin."

The library was the pleasantest and most interesting feature of the house at Amesbury. Its alcoves were filled with such a variety of volumes that no one would have

thought their owner was not a scholarly man—which in the strictest sense of the word Whittier was not. But his range of interest was so extensive, his intuition so quick, his memory so good that he retained almost all he read. His correspondence with scientific as well as literary men and women was so profuse that for some years before his death he found it difficult to get through the amount of labor it involved To his most intimate friends he always wrote personally, employing an amunuensis as seldom as possible. Until within recent years his sight and hearing were unimpaired, but later, he acknowledged he felt them failing, and was obliged to restrict both the number and length of his letters; in many of them alluding to the end which he felt to be near, and expressing faith and trust in the mercy and love of the infinite Father. In a note received sometime after my visit East, he says:

"I miss my old friends still; Emerson, Fields, and Longfellow especially, and at times a feeling of great loneliness comes over me. Dr. Holmes and I meet often, and talk of those who have gone from us, and the near change which awaits us also. I have seen a good many people recently, some of our gifted women have been here, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Celia Thaxter, Annie Field, Sara B. Jewett and others. I have more and warmer friends than I deserve. But I am very thankful for them nevertheless."

There is such an abundance of rich material to choose from in culling stray passages from the life of an individual whose every phase reveals variations of beautiful color in whatever light it is presented, that I have searched in vain for some foil to the universal verdict of praise, and tried to discover some flaw which might by any possibility be a defect in the crystal clearness of a character so unusual, so unworldly, so readily adapting itself to the minor of sorrow, and the major of joy.

Think of it! not a touch of blighting immorality in a single word he has ever written, not a suggestion that a mother might not sing to her baby girl, and he lived eighty-four years a rounded life of spotless integrity.

John G. Whittier was a material illustration of spiritual force, living out its meaning for mankind, while writing out its inspiration. There is often a great distinction between the man and the Poet, but in him the need for this separation did not exist. Nay, his name will grow into greater prominence as the world grows into a more reverential conception of the grandeur of the human soul, and the seed he has sown will come to a yet more abundant fruitage. As man, poet, patriot, and philanthropist, he will stand foremost in that company of gifted ones, who in recent years

have been one after another putting on the garments of immortality.

Whittier's friendships were intimately connected with all that was best, noblest, and most exhilarating in his life. They were in touch with every reform of the day. They extended far beyond the narrow bound of his localities. From the Orient he had letters of the deepest interest. He knew the religious movements of the time, not from books alone, but from contact with travelers, from reports of missionaries, from English residents of India, Japan, Russia and other countries. In the "Friends' Mission in Alaska" he was deeply interested, and received with great satisfaction the report of its progress, from his cousin, Mrs. Woodman, of Oak Knoll, who had visited it. He had abundant sources of private information denied to others, and was well posted on all political questions of importance. Translations of his books were sent him occasionally. He had letters from Daniel Wheeler in far off Russia, and from Joseph Sturge, to both of whom he has paid touching poetic tributes. His poems were in Tolstoi's library. I might enumerate the names of hundreds who held him close to their hearts. Bayard Taylor called to bid him good-bye when he started to see "Europe afoot," and to the day of his death kept him posted on all his journeyings. He used to say that although he had never been on a long journey his travels had been singularly extensive. With John Bright and other English parliamentarians he corresponded regularly. Some of the letters he received from embryo writers, spring chickens, poets, sentimental Maud Mullers, his sense of honor prevented his showing. But he sometimes told of them in a humorous mood always concealing names. He enjoyed a jest as he would a ripe juicy apple, but *there must be no worm at the core.*

And his visitors? They thronged that simple cottage at Amesbury; they came from everywhere. They came by twos; they flocked in parties of five or six, they stared at him; they asked him all manner of questions; they pested him for introductions to editors; they wanted his opinion on voluminous manuscripts, and one aspiring youth asked his receipt for making verses, as his mother might have asked one for making hot biscuits. Other visitors he had, the great, the distinguished, the good; and he met them with a simple manly directness, and a kind hospitality that knew no stint.

Our own Ina Coolbrith saw him in these last years, and with warmest appreciation of her poetical gifts, he recognized the quality of her creative faculty, and took her into his heart and home. Thenceforth she was his cherished

friend, and he wrote a letter of earnest thanks to the friend who had introduced them. If these letters, if the recollections of these visitors are ever published they will make a record unequalled in the annals of biographical literature.

Whittier was very much attached to a nice child whose name was Phoebe. One day Phoebe came to him with a half-finished epitaph that she had written for a horse. It read:

"He kicked to the right,
He kicked to the left,
He kicked the post and struck it"—

She could go no further, she appealed to her uncle, who added:

"And when he broke his leg off—
Why then he kicked the bucket."

When her cat died it was too serious an event for Phoebe to even attempt a memorial. So Mr. Whittier wrote:

"Bathsheba,
Whereat
None ever said, 'Scat!'
A worthier cat
Ne'er sat on a mat
Or killed a rat.
Requiescat!"

Some one asked Whittier's opinion of the Shakers. His reply was:

"I do not know anything about those dancing Dervishes. I do not see any sense in such performances. I was always ashamed of King David for dancing before the Lord; and I never blamed his wife for being ashamed of him."

In an attempted visit to Hawthorne on one occasion, the scene that ensued must have been somewhat ludicrous. Mr. Whittier related it with great amusement. He said:

"Thee knows I am not skilled in visits and small talk, but I wanted to make a friendly call on Hawthorne, and one morning—it chanced to be an ill-fated morning for this purpose—I sallied forth, and on reaching the house was ushered into a lugubrious-looking room where Hawthorne met me evidently in a lugubrious state of mind. In a rather sepulchral tone of voice he bade me good-morning, and asked me to be seated opposite him, and we looked at each other and remarked about the weather; then came an appalling silence and the cold chills crept down my back, and after a moment or two I got up and said: I think I will take a short walk!

I took my walk and returned to bid him good-morning, much to my relief, and I have no doubt to his."

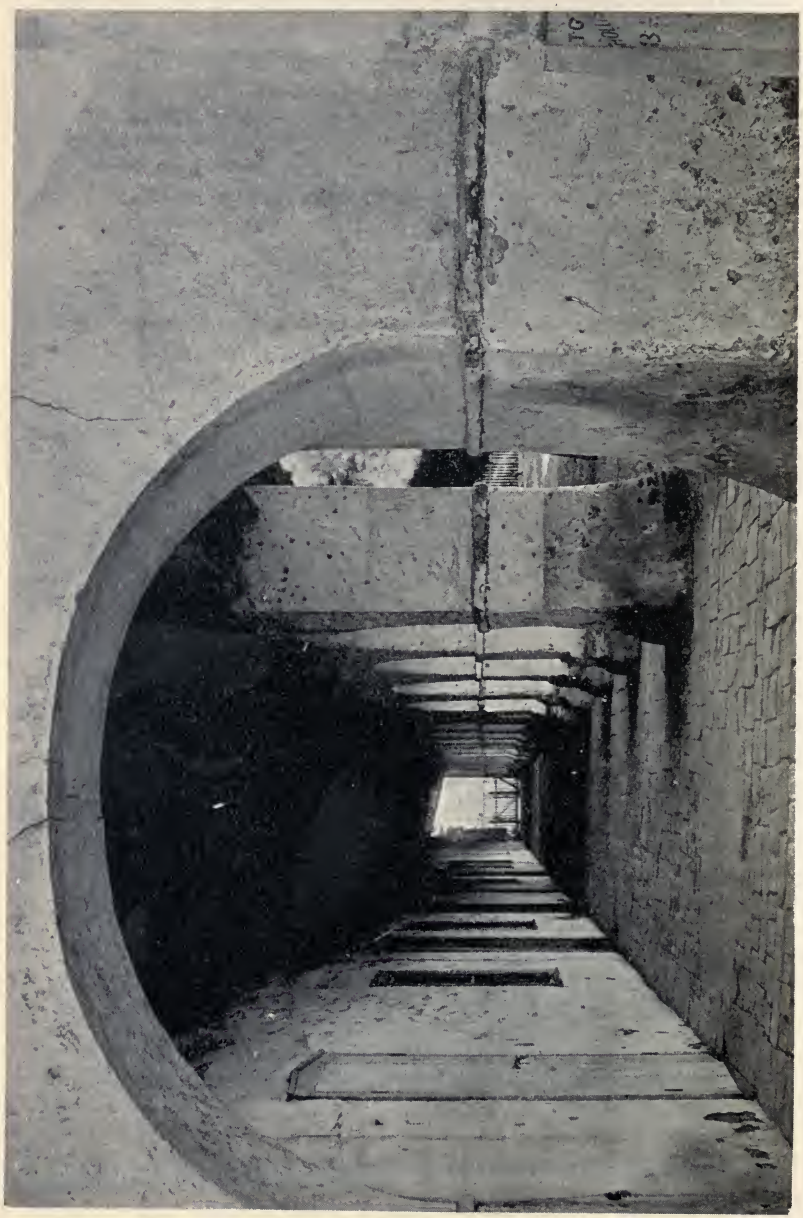
In the winter of 1875, as some friends at whose house Whittier had been a welcome and honored guest, were about sailing for Europe, he handed them an envelope, saying:

"I thought thee might like my autograph."

The contents were as follows:

"What shall I say, dear friends, to whom I owe
The choicest blessings, dropping from the hands
Of trustful love and friendship, as you go
Forth on your journey to those elder lands,
By saint and sage and bard and hero trod?
Scarcely the simple farewell of the Friends
Sufficeth: After you my full heart sends
Such benediction as the pilgrim hears
Where the Greek faith its golden dome uprears
From Crimea's roses to Archangel snows
The fittest prayer of parting: 'Go with God!'"

—M. B. C.



The Cloister, San Juan Mission, San Benito Co., Cal.

The Contributors Club.

Sure of a cordial welcome, The Mariposa makes its bow. You have all smiled at it—and the editors feel that you are only waiting to see it "clothed and in its right mind" to give it a hearty godspeed. Its *raison d'etre* is the necessities of the Ladies' Relief Society of Oakland, whose income has been greatly curtailed by the depreciation of stocks and the partial withdrawal of the State aid.

Thanks to our generous contributors, we can place before you a magazine that needs no apology. The articles contained in these pages have been freely and cheerfully given, and William Keith, Solly Waters and Oscar Maurer have joined the authors in making the pages attractive. Our cover design is the result of a prize contest—the award being made to Lawrence Scammon of Oakland.

In joining the ranks of the journalists for this one issue we wish to express our thanks for the friendly welcome they have accorded us. We have been greatly aided by the Oakland Saturday Night, The Overland Monthly and The Wave. The daily papers of San Francisco and Oakland have encouraged us, and subscribers and advertisers have been most liberal. The Chinese Love Song, from the play of "The First Born," is contributed by E. W. Armstrong, 735 Market street, San Francisco.

Our correspondence with some writers has given us a new view of their difficult position, particularly in California. We print below a letter received from Mr. Gelette Burgess, who exhausts this subject in his own crisp style.

80 Washington Square, New York, Feb. 25th, 1898.

My Dear Mrs. ————————:

I am very sorry not to be able to contribute to your magazine, as you have invited me, but it is quite impossible for me to do so in my present circumstances.

At the risk of seeming impertinent (which I do not at all mean to be), will you permit me to explain that an article of the length you mention to which I should be willing to sign my name means, in the first place, the gift of a salable idea, and at least two or three days' good work. It means giving to the Relief Society what would bring me from twenty to forty dollars, well earned. While I would not grudge you that donation could I afford it, and felt particularly in sympathy with your charity, I feel that I must let you know that a young man or a young woman who has gone into the fight of earning a living by writing cannot possibly afford to do this. I am one of a small coterie that has come from California (all within the last year) to take the field in competition with many clever writers here,

and as I suppose you have made the same request to them, I assume the responsibility of answering for them, myself, for I doubt if they will care to express their minds as fully as I do. Every one of us has had the experience of being practically driven out of San Francisco for lack of any real support from California in literary work, and have found a certain amount of recognition in the East—if but little, at least more than at home (remembering, of course, that I am not a Californian by birth). There is, to be frank, little temptation in the fame or name of having one's work published in California, under such circumstances, when we can reach a larger audience, and one that pays for what it reads.

Forgive me, my dear Mrs. ————, for expressing to you my opinions on a subject on which I feel very deeply—believe me, there is no personal feeling whatever—but it is the first opportunity I have had of freeing my mind. I do not think it is quite reasonable for young writers who have, in the face of no recognition at home whatever (excuse the Bull), succeeded in getting to a point where their work is salable, and where they dare to attempt to live on it, to contribute their time, brains, and money; there are enough who should be glad of the opportunity to bring themselves into notice.

If you know anything of my life in San Francisco, you know that I have withheld neither my time nor my brains in services which it is always impossible to measure in money value. You may then, perhaps, excuse my too elaborate explanation of my attitude, for I fear I have written nearly your 2,000 words already. Indeed, you might do worse than print this, for if no one understands that this is not a piece of the rudeness of which I am so often accused they will be sure it came from

Yours very sincerely,

GELETTE BURGESS.

In response to a desire on the part of the editor of this magazine, I give below a Colonial recipe for cake, and one for punch, and an addition of two others culled from an old receipt-book, hoary with age, but sacred to the memory of one who has passed beyond. These old recipes are interesting, as contrasted with those of the fin-de-siècle schools of scientific cooking, where the educated and discriminating stomach has at last found peace.

Mt. Vernon Cake.

Stir together until very light, ½ lb. of butter and ¾ lb. of sugar; beat the yolks and whites of 7 or 8 eggs, separately, the whites to a stiff froth; stir them into the cake and add a generous glass of brandy, a grated nutmeg, and 1½ lbs. of sifted flour; just before baking, put in ½ pint of thick, rich cream and 1 lb. of seeded raisins.

Old Colonial Punch.

I copy it as it stands in my grandmother's book. It was handed down to her in regular succession from her grandmother, who circulated in the gay Colonial society of historic Philadelphia. Doubtless, it is this elixir that has filtered down the stream of time, and

is hardly recognizable in our up-to-date punch offered at afternoon teas in Berkeley—an unknown quantity of lemons, sugar, ice, and strong tea, plunged into a vast sea of water.

Continental Strong.

One doz. lemons, 1 doz. oranges, 1 whole pineapple, 2 quarts of claret, 2 quarts of whisky, two-thirds of a pint of strong green tea, ½ pint of rum. Mix these ingredients at night, cover it; next day strain and add one or two bottles of genuine, good champagne. Should not be made too sweet. Enough for thirty-five people in the good old times; at the present date, by adding water, could be made to serve eighty-five or a hundred people.

Mammie Lizzie was a good old Southern servant. Cooking was her profession, and bread-making one of her specialties. At night, before retiring, she went for it with an energy that recalls Elia's Sarah Battle before beginning whist. . "A bright fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." A committee of one, she went into secret session with closed doors, to attend to her devotions. Bread-making was a part of her religion. I often importuned her to admit me on these occasions, but she said: "Go 'long, chile; if de Lord Jesus Christ inspire me to make dem rolls rise, I ain' gwine let no nigger, nor white pusson, nuther, see me mix dem ingregiunts." But a small boy, with the true scientific spirit of the family, waited and watched, and, behold, the secret.

The old darky took the bread to bed with her to keep up an even temperature. On this depends the secret of the following recipe. The old darky suffered a severe reprimand. She died soon after, "just befo' de wah." It is fortunate, perhaps, that the dear old soul died before her noble art went down amidst the crash of arms and a nation's woe.

Mammie Lizzie's Breakfast Rolls.

Rub ½ pound of sugar into 3 pounds of sifted flour. Beat 6 eggs light; add to them a sufficient quantity of yeast, say ½ pint; after beating hard, add the flour and sugar; knead well; mix at night. In the morning, work in 6 oz. of butter. Bake in small rolls.

—Mrs. Jos. Le Conte.

Bancroft Library

JAPANESE PAPER NOVELTIES.

The partitions dividing the houses are paper.

The yakounine hat which passes you is paper.

The handkerchief, thrown away after use, is paper.

Those robe collars, which are taken for crape, are paper.

The pane through which an inquisitive eye looks at you is paper.

The string with which the articles you buy are fastened is made of paper.

The porter's cloak, who carries his burden, singing a cadence, through the rain, is made of paper.

Those elegant flowers, ornamenting the beautiful hair of the Japanese ladies, are made of paper.

The garments of the boatman who conducts you on board, the tobacco-pouch, cigar-case—all are paper.

A Morning Prayer.

—Composed by Mrs. H. C. Bailey, inmate of The Aged Women's Home, 74 years old.

Oh, God of light, whose kindling ray
Has brought again a new-born day,
To Thee my earliest thoughts I raise,
To Thee I bring my heartfelt praise.

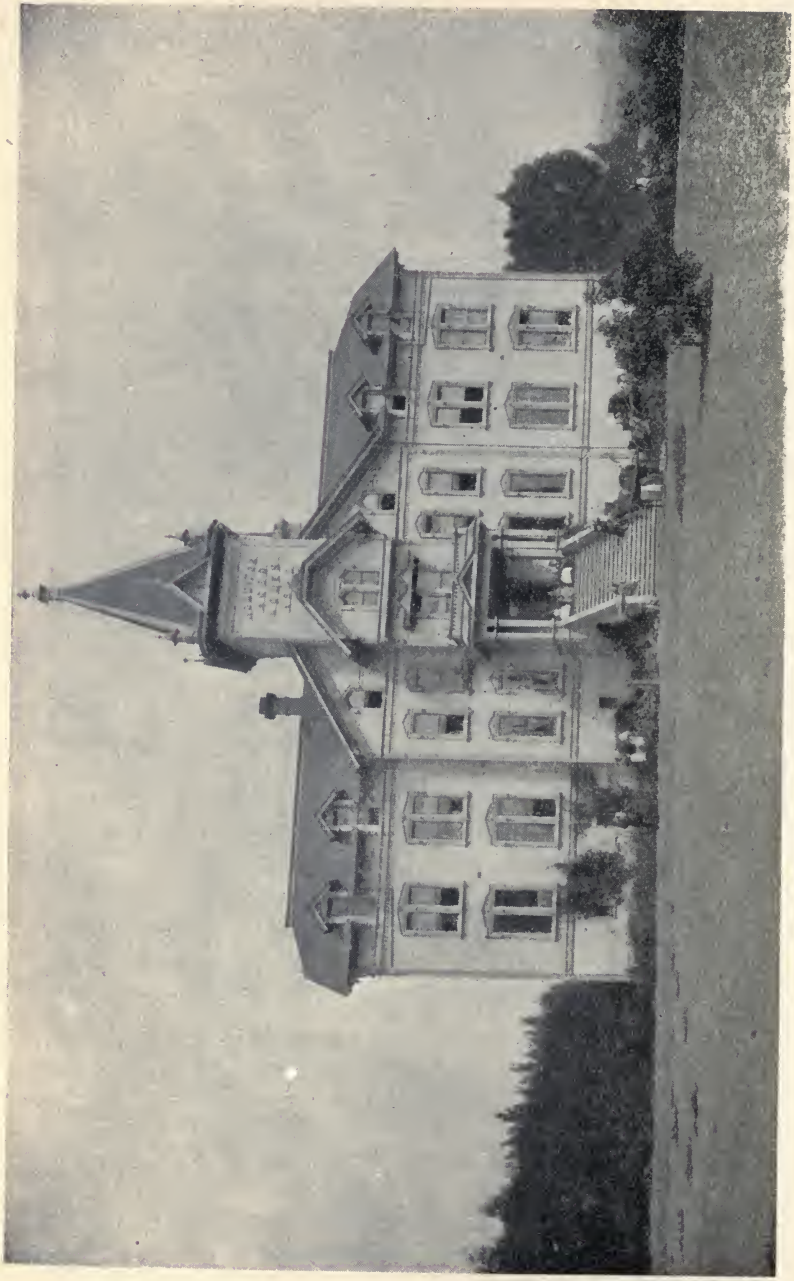
Beneath thy brooding care I slept,
Free from pain and danger kept;
Refreshed I wake to duty's call,
Ready to bear whate'er befall.

Oh, give me light that I may see
Some earnest work to do for Thee;
Some erring one thy love to show,
Some wandering one the way to go.

I would be watchful all the day,
Careful in what I do and say,
That, when the evening shades appear,
Sad regrets I may not fear.

When the work of day is done,
How gently sinks the setting sun!
Oh, grant that when my sun shall set,
Softly and sweetly I pass to rest!

Childrens Home. Ladies Relief Society, Oakland.



Home for Aged Women, Ladies Relief Society, Oakland.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LADIES' RELIEF SOCIETY OF OAKLAND.

From the little circle that met in 1871 to contribute its share to the sufferers from the Chicago fire grew the organization which has since sheltered over fourteen hundred children and one hundred aged women, in its spacious and well-appointed domiciles, located upon ten acres of land in Alameda County. It has not been the work of a day, but the painstaking care and energetic toil of many years. Confronted with difficult problems, which at times challenged all the skill and enterprise of its projectors, the ladies under whose guidance the work has progressed enlisted the support of friends and benefactors, and step by step have increased its facilities, until it now extends a loving and fostering care over infancy and age.

Drawn together in the cause of charity, the objects thus attained suggested and revealed a larger field of action, and thus, the latent desires which previously had been confined within the breasts of that little coterie became the nucleus of a great and good result. On May 1st, 1894, the building used as the Children's Home was entirely destroyed by fire, together with the nursery and outbuildings. The burned building was originally purchased with the property in 1874, which, after being remodeled and having several additions made to it, furnished a shelter for one hundred and twenty-five children. It was in every respect complete, and for years would have answered the purpose for which it was used; but in the short space of two hours the immense structure, with the major portion of its furniture, was a mass of ruins, leaving over one hundred children without a home. The buildings were rapidly replaced by a structure with all modern conveniences and improvements for the children, and the de Fremery cottage as a nursery. Thus, in the period of twenty-two years, the Society, from a meeting for the relief of foreign sufferers, developed into one of the grandest charities in the State for the care and support of helpless infancy and helpless age. A retrospective view of the many years through which the organization has struggled, brings forcibly to mind the work accomplished by many who have departed, but whose deeds will ever stand forth as monuments of their noble and generous characters. Thus, to-day, after twenty-six years of hard and earnest efforts, the institution stands ready to minister to the wants and necessities of those whom misfortune and adversity have rendered helpless, relying as it always has upon the generosity of its friends to provide for its daily needs in carrying out God's work by extending the Samaritan hand to the distressed.

LUCY E. DAM.

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To Mother.

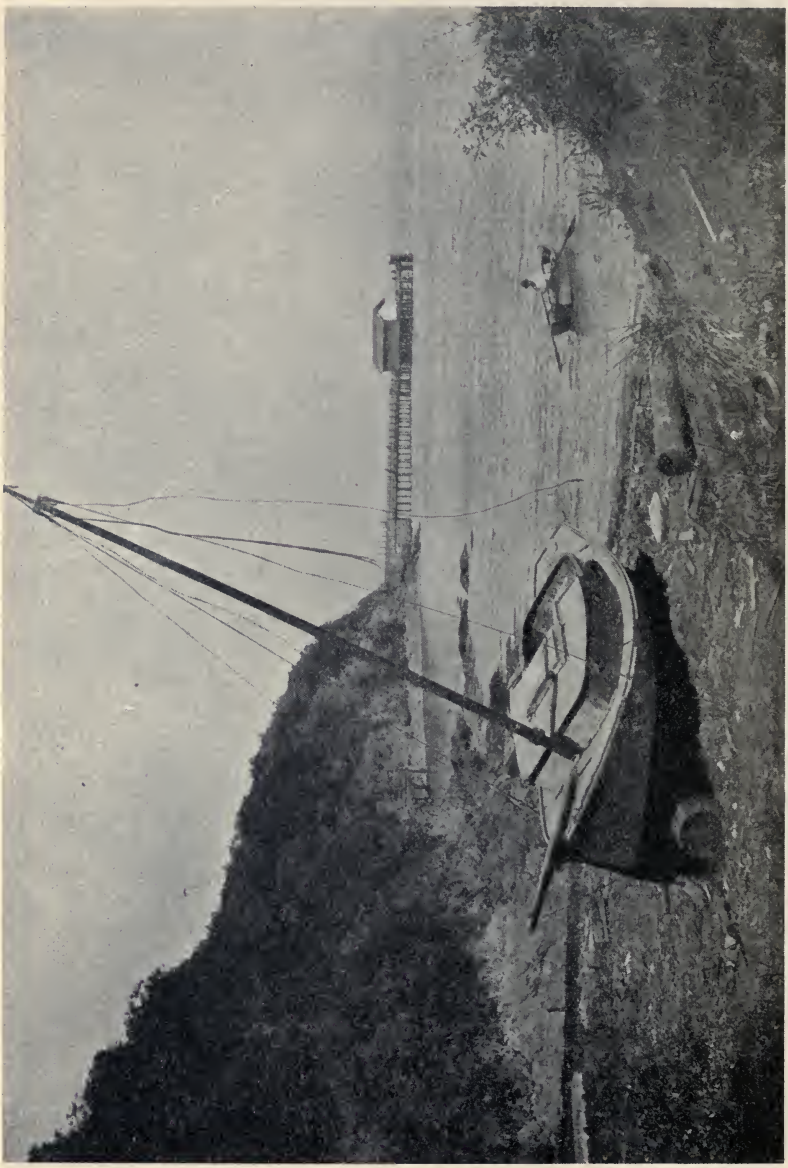
The following poem is of interest, not only for its real worth, but because it was written by a blind girl, at the State Institution:

The rose tints from thy cheek, Mother,
Are fading one by one;
And the four score years are telling
That thy work is nearly done.
Age's plow, with heavy action,
Wears deep furrows in thy brow,
But thy smile was never sweeter,
In fair youth, than it is now.
Grey hair better suits thy stature
Than those tossing curls of gold;
It gives dignity and softness
To the face's oval mould.
If thy step is somewhat feebler,
We are pillars stout and strong;
Our young shoulders have been growing
For your hands to rest upon.
We may ne'er repay thee, Mother,
Your whole life to us you gave,
And beat back, with hands so patient,
Cruel sorrow's surging wave;
Now, the burden is thy children's;
It is time for thee to rest;
The seed sown was loving kindness,
And the harvest hath been blest.
God hath written in thy features,
Where the angels all may see,
"She's a wife and she's a mother,
Peace be her's eternally."

—M. Oxton.

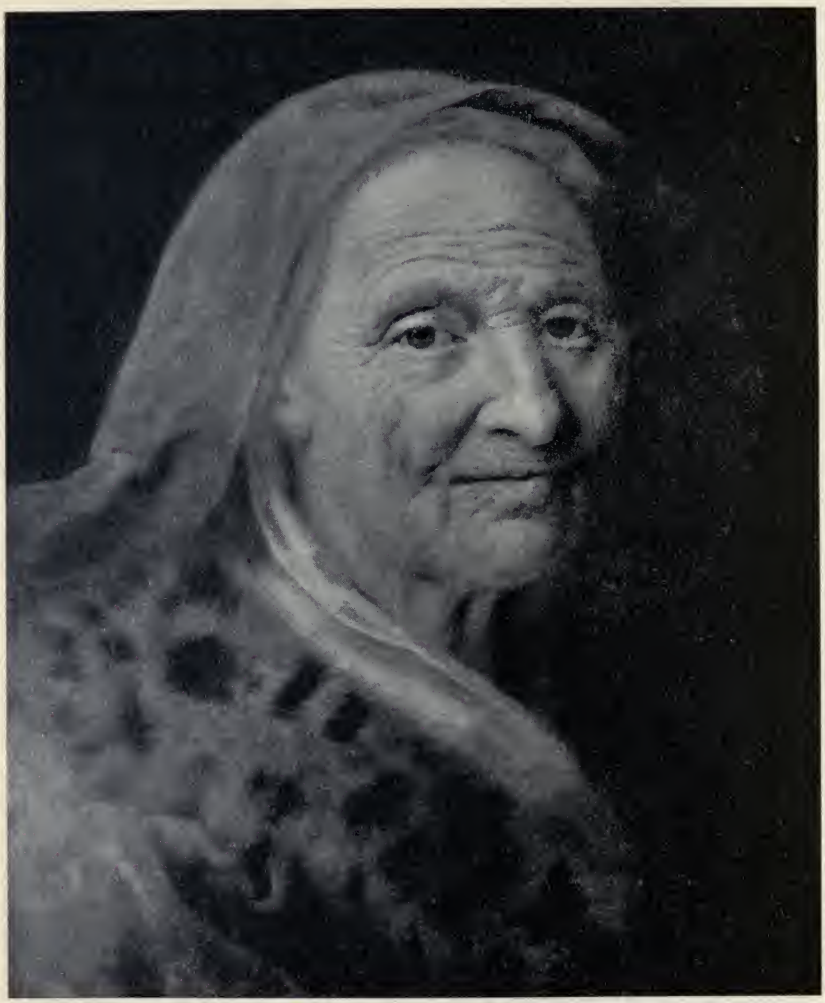
At the foot of Mt. Shasta, Cal.

A Corner in a Chinese Restaurant, San Francisco.



At the foot of Van Ness Ave., San Francisco.

On the Merced River, Cal.



A HEAD, from a painting by Balthasar Denner in the Dresden Gallery.

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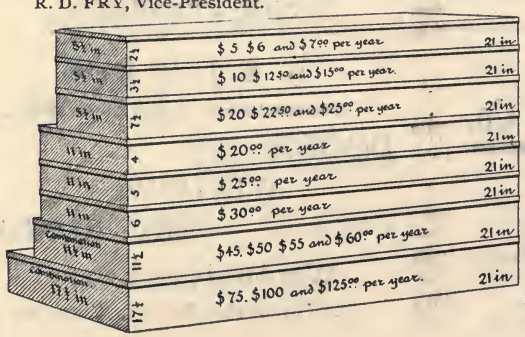

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Surplus	$ 35,508,194 59
Income in 1897	$ 54,162,608 23
Increase of income in 1897	4,459,912 96
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AND	
Decrease of Expenses	146,178 31
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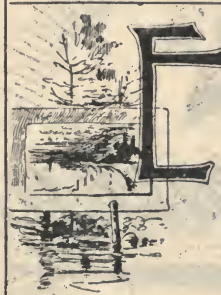

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